

SPORTS REVIEW

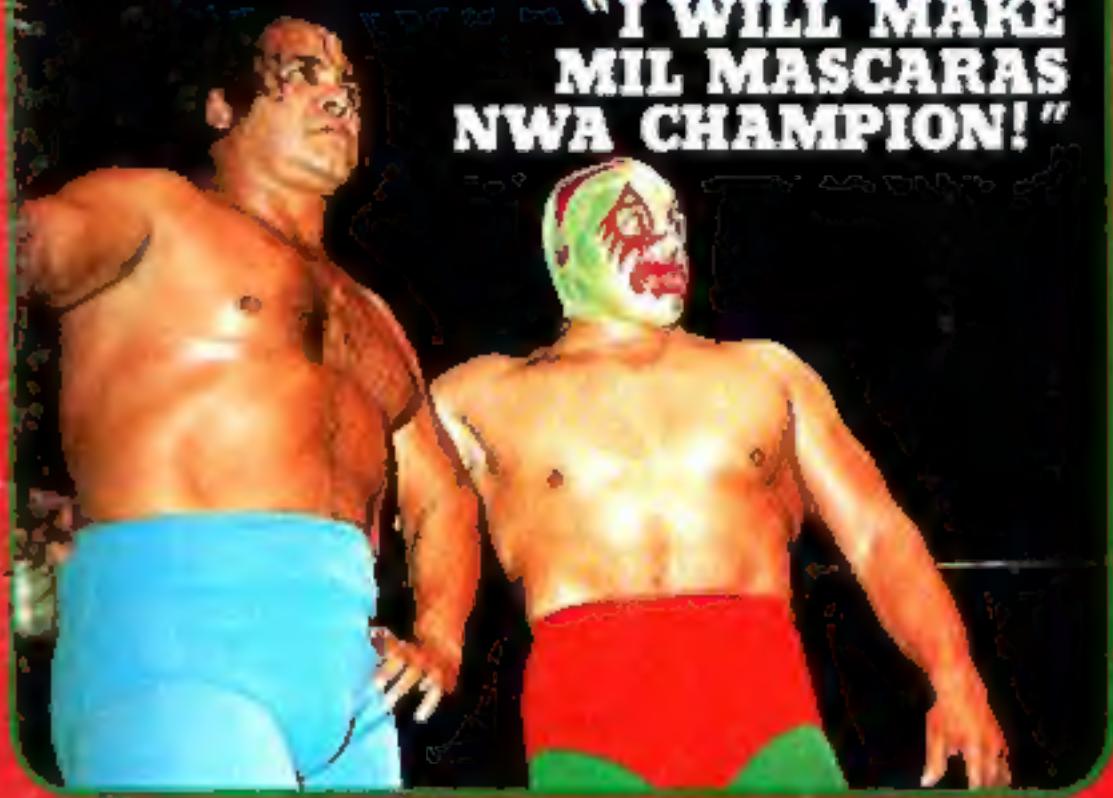
May 1977

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Wrestling

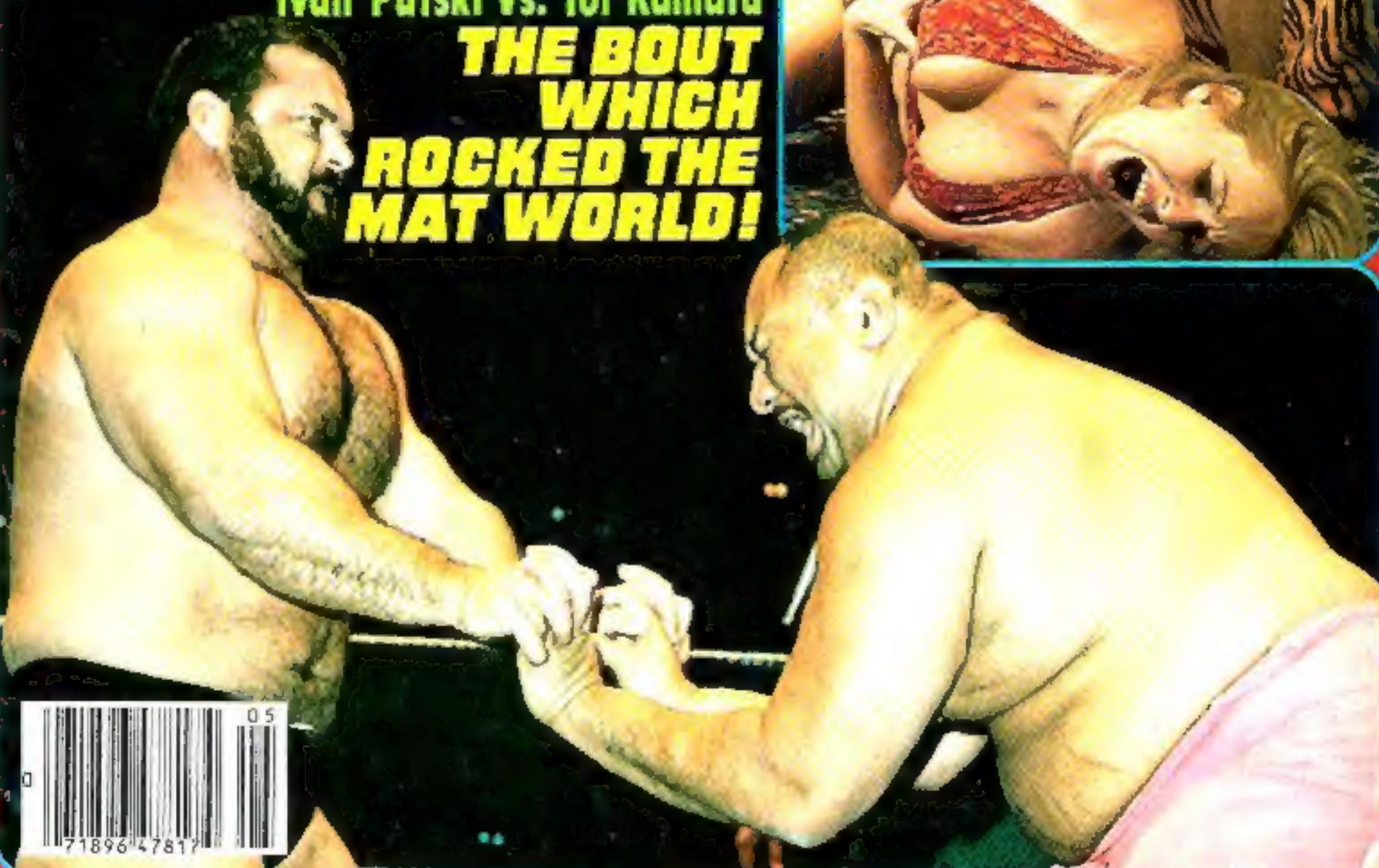
Jose Lothario's Noble Promise:

"I WILL MAKE
MIL MASCARAS
NWA CHAMPION!"



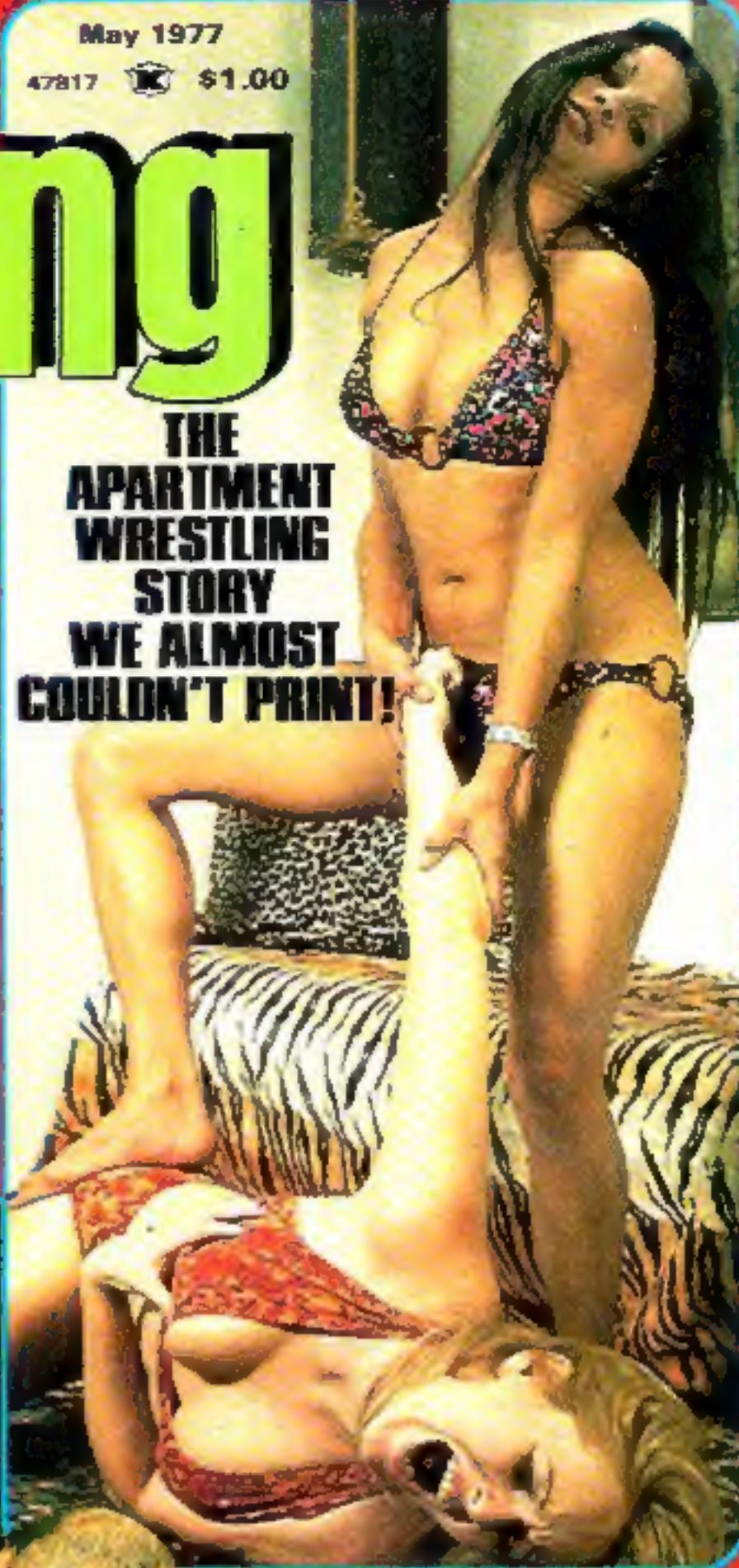
Ivan Putski vs. Tor Kamata

**THE BOUT
WHICH
ROCKED THE
MAT WORLD!**



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**THE
APARTMENT
WRESTLING
STORY
WE ALMOST
COULD'NT PRINT!**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

CHAMPION: BRUNO SAMMARTINO

- 1—KEN PATERA
- 2—STAN STASIAC
- 3—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 4—NIKOLAI VOLKOFF
- 5—STAN HANSEN
- 6—BOBO BRAZIL
- 7—IVAN PUTSKI
- 8—BRUISER BRODIE
- 9—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 10—BOB BACKLUND

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

CHAMPION: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—VERNE GAGNE
- 2—BILL ROBINSON
- 3—LARRY HENNIG
- 4—PETER MAIVIA
- 5—RAY STEVENS
- 6—PEDRO MORALES
- 7—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 8—GREG GAGNE
- 9—JIM BRUNZELL
- 10—CHRIS TAYLOR

MOST POPULAR WRESTLERS

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3—MIL MASCARAS
- 4—MR. WRESTLING II
- 5—DUSTY RHODES
- 6—MIGHTY IGOR
- 7—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 8—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 9—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 10—IVAN PUTSKI

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

CHAMPION: TERRY FUNK

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—JACK BRISCO
- 3—MR. WRESTLING II
- 4—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 5—PAUL JONES
- 6—THE SHEIK
- 7—HARLEY RACE
- 8—RIC FLAIR
- 9—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 10—JERRY LAWLER

TAG TEAMS

- 1—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 2—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW & BILLY WHITE WOLF
- 3—BOBBY DUNCUM & BLACKJACK LANZA
- 4—GOLIATH & BLACK GORDMAN
- 5—THE VALIANT BROTHERS
- 6—THE EXECUTIONERS
- 7—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 8—THE HOLLYWOOD BLONDS
- 9—MIKE GRAHAM & KEN LUCAS
- 10—THE ROYAL KANGAROOS

MOST HATED WRESTLERS

- 1—ABDULLAH THE BUTCHER
- 2—THE SHEIK
- 3—TOR KAMATA
- 4—STAN HANSEN
- 5—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 6—STAN STASIAC
- 7—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 8—NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 9—MR. FUJI
- 10—THE ASSASSIN



DUSTY RHODES



BARON VON RASCHKE

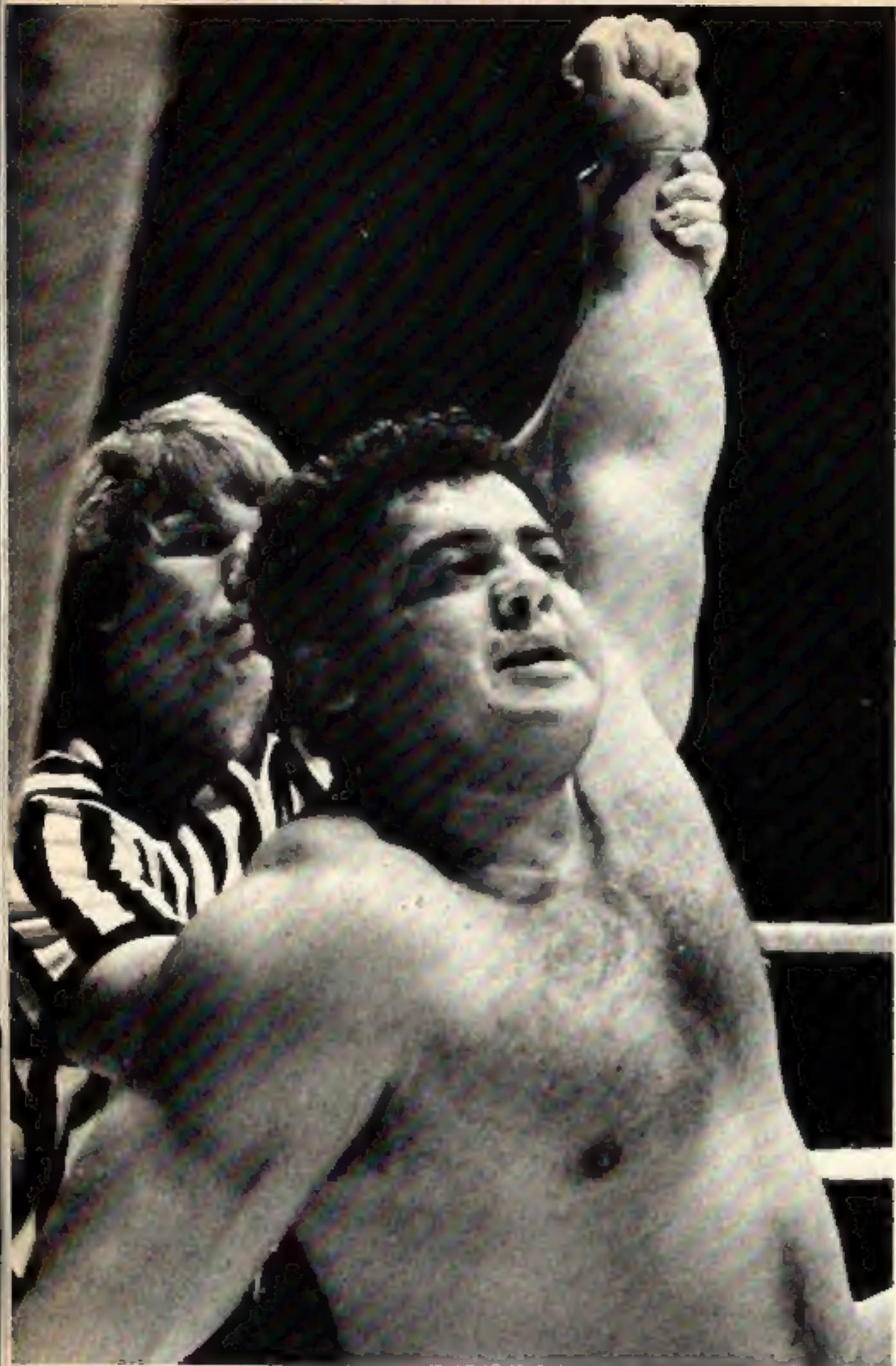


RAY STEVENS



STAN STASIAC

PEDRO THE TE TORM CHAM



THE DINGY MOTEL room reeked from the stale odor of beer cans left behind by a previous occupant. Plaster lay cluttered on the bed showing evidence of a ceiling badly in need of repair. The heater was

of no comfort on this 10 degree day; the sign reading "Out of Order" made it clear this was fated to be a cold evening. This was the pathetic scene in which Pedro Morales found himself. And it was not the first time. It had

been that way time and time again for the former WWWF champion. At one time he was on top of the world. Now he was at the other extreme. It was time for Morales, once a superstar, to reflect on the good days.

The good days. What a far cry they were from the present ones. He stayed in the best suites then. There were no five dollar a night holes in some rundown motel. There was room service, attendants waiting to fulfill every whim, luxurious appointments, and carefully monitored climate control. And of course, there was that

Once king of all he surveyed, Pedro Morales is now just another challenger. Knowing the glory of a title, Morales is consumed by ambition and haunted by the past

MORALES-- ARS AND ENT OF A FORMER PION



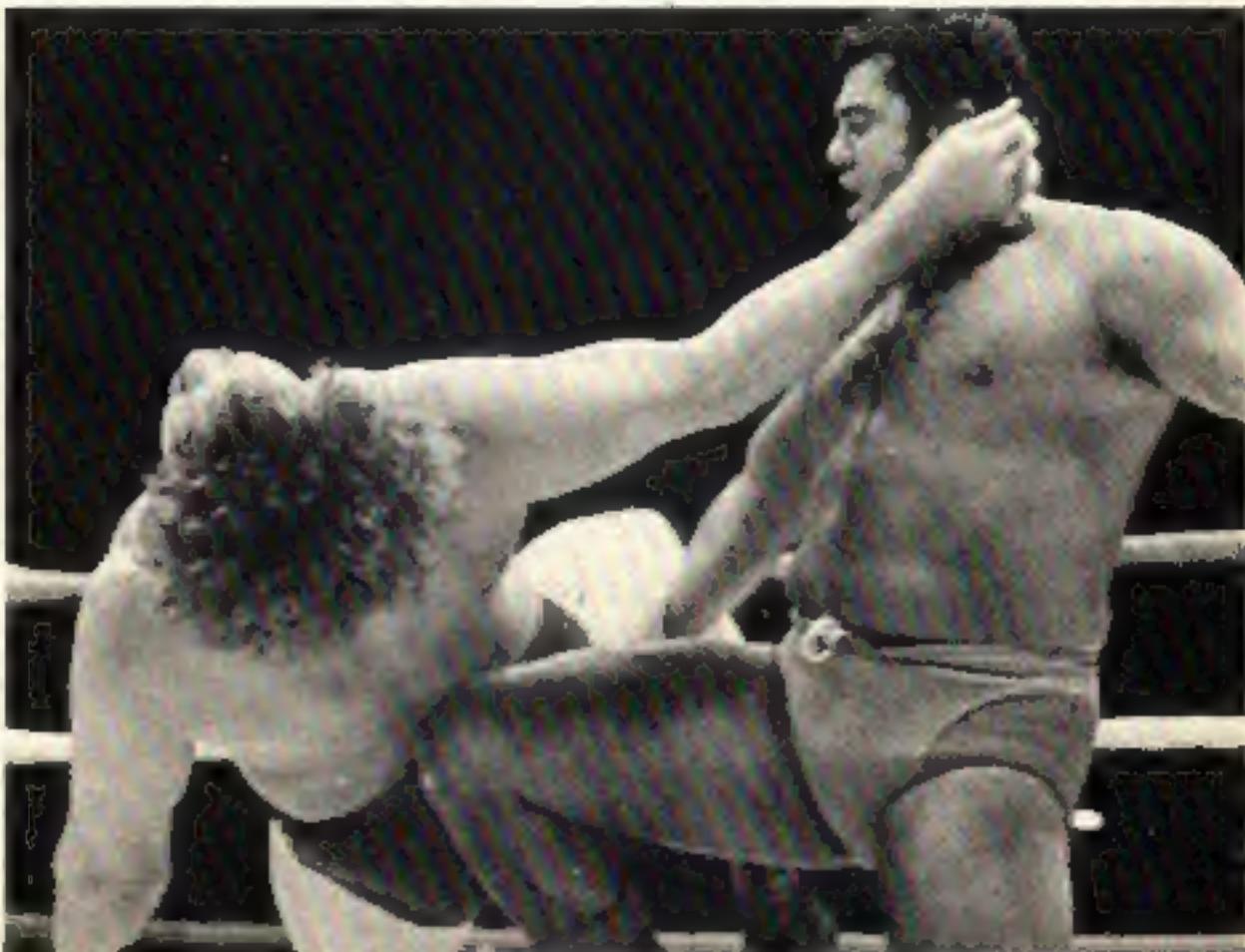
Against Moose Morowski, Pedro is ferocious (above), powerful (left), and savagely graceful (below). Combining them in a tremendous display of wrestling virtuosity, Morales earns the victory (opposite page, far left). Pedro knows one great victory does not make a comeback.

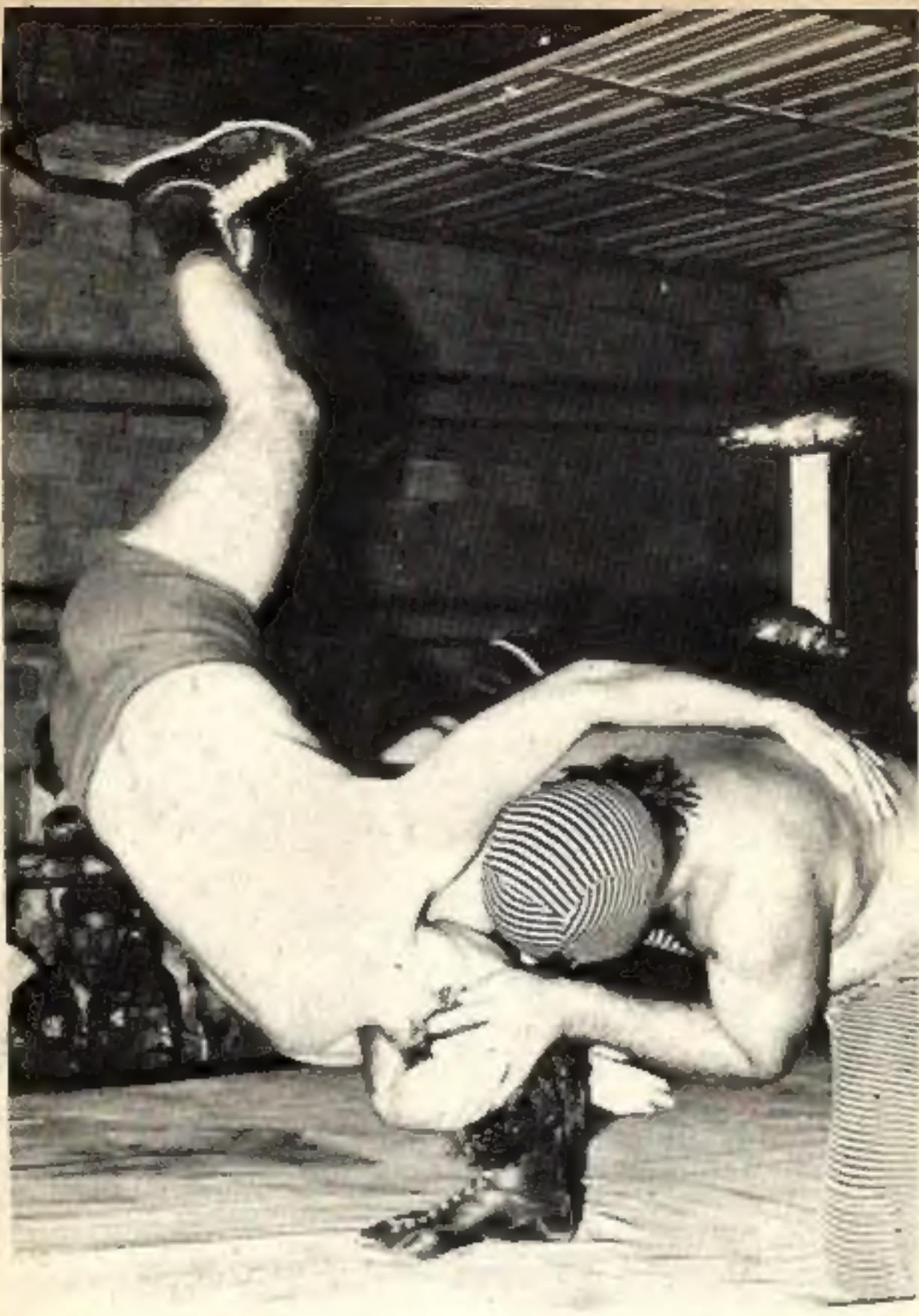
invaluable gold belt proving you were the best. That belt was your ticket to anything you wanted. Oh, those good old days. And now they were gone.

Amidst the squalid surroundings a ray of hope took the spotlight. A new title became Pedro's dream, that of the American Wrestling Association. It would be his ticket out of this life of depression. It would be a long, hard road to get to champion Nick Bockwinkle, but anything would be better than what he had now.

This life had really hurt Pedro. The fans hurt Pedro without being aware of it. Often, while standing in the center of a group of autograph seekers, he would have to answer questions such as, "Why aren't you as good as you used to be?" or "Why can't you win back the title?" The list of questions

(Continued on page 46)





The tag team calling itself the Ex-Cons has been through a hell of a lot more than most wrestlers. Perhaps that explains why they are so feared by their fellow grapplers

Ex-Con I shows he knows some scientific maneuvers by flipping his opponent legally.

SIX OF THE toughest men in the jail lay bleeding on the prison yard. They had been beaten senseless by two men who worked together with a savage efficiency and ruthlessness which shocked even the most hardened of the spectators.

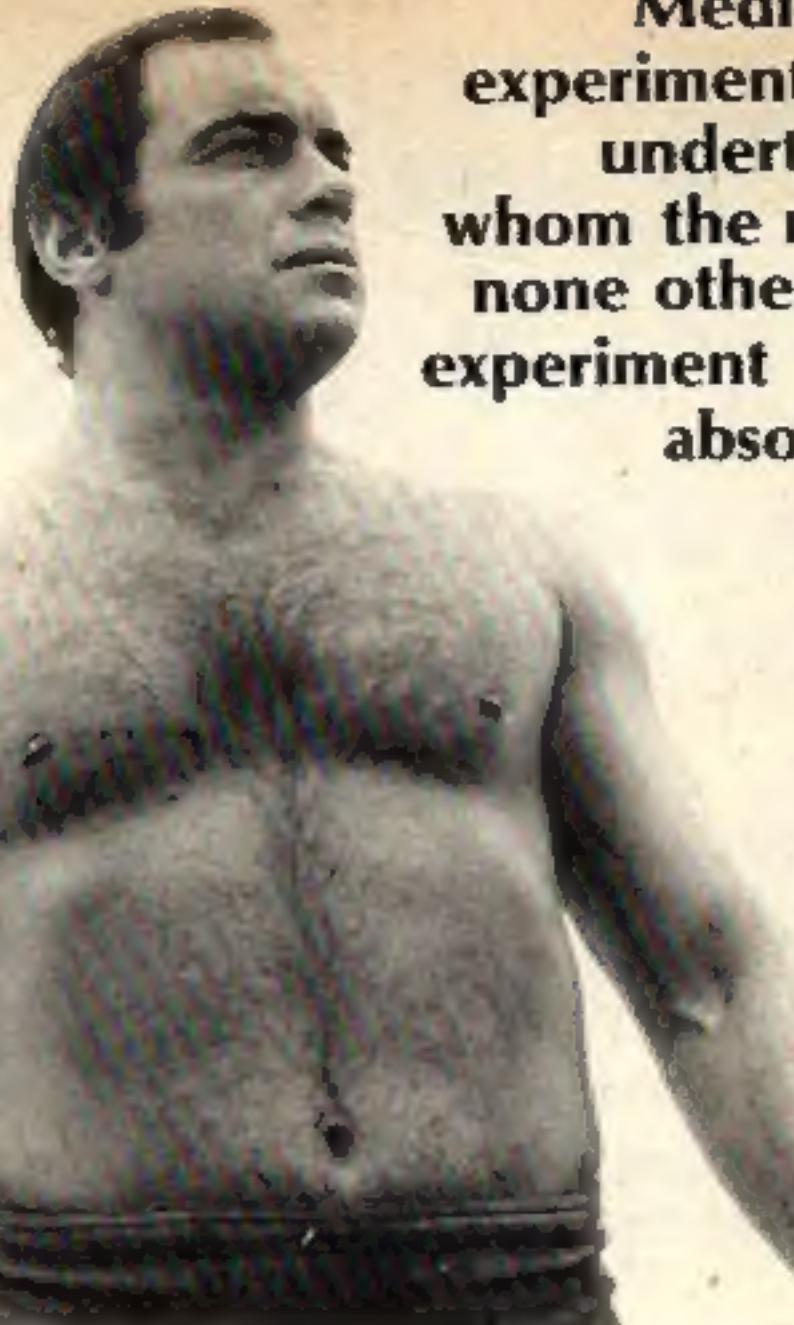
After that exhibition of cruelty and skill, these two men became the lords of the prison. And when it came time for them to leave, they decided to find some line of work which would allow them to continue their reign of terror. It didn't take them too long to decide on wrestling as a tag team. It took them even less time to put on masks and become the Ex-Cons!

"You never know," one of the grapplers says, "who might be in the crowd. There are a lot of guys who we're glad don't know where we are. We have enough enemies to make it a good idea to hide our identities."

"Anyway, wearing a mask is a good way to destroy the past. Neither of us are too proud of what got us jailed, nor do we want some creep bringing it up. The present's what we're interested

(Continued on page 53)

TO THE EX-CONS A DISQUALIFICATION IS A VICTORY



Medical science's most bizarre experiment in decades is now being undertaken. The subject upon whom the research is being done is none other than John Tolos. If the experiment is successful, nothing—absolutely nothing—will stop John Tolos

HOW JOHN TOLOS PLANS WRESTLING'S SIX M

THREE TEST SUBJECTS and there are test subjects, the young medical researcher thought as she prepared the serum. This was the easy part, combining three vitamin compounds with pepsin derivatives and chemical secretions from the cranial nerves of gorillas. Administering the serum would present the real difficulty.

"Going in to see His Rottenness?" a nurse asked the woman bearing the serum she had just prepared. "I'd go in with you, but you wouldn't be cruel enough to ask me."

"I'll do it alone," the researcher declared, like a soldier about to go on a mission of no return. "Do you know, I've spent 20 years of hard studying to become a scientist. I did it because I really wanted to help people. Now, after two weeks with His Rottenness, I feel like concocting the plague."

"Don't hate the world," the nurse retorted, "just give His Rottenness something fatal. No court in the

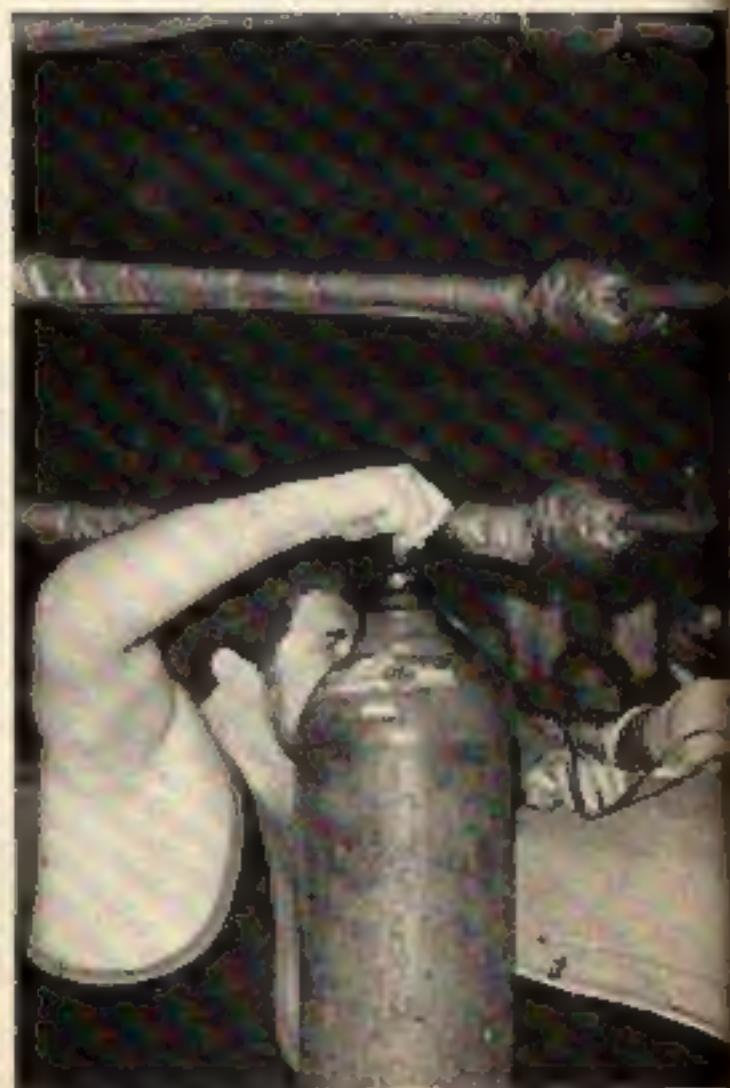
world would convict you. It would be justifiable homicide."

"When I think of what he'll be like if we succeed," the researcher continued, "I hope we fail. Wouldn't it be nice if instead of making him a physical wonder, it turned him into a jellyfish? No, that's too good for him. I think I'd rather he became an ironing board."

"I'd be the first to leave the iron on him too long," the nurse promised as the researcher entered the room the staff had come to call "the bottomless pit."

"Women scientists," John Tolos, the man the researchers called "His Rottenness," sneered as the researcher entered. I don't trust women. I don't trust women scientists. Do you know where that leaves you, lady?"

"That leaves me," she evenly replied, "with a needle I'm going to stick into your arm. Of course, being an incompetent woman, I might miss your arm and plunge the





Above: Outside the lab, Tolos tests his power against two tree trunks. Tolos has visions of being able to topple over trees. Right: If the experiment works, Tolos won't again have to resort to snakes and collars.



TO BECOME MILLION DOLLAR MAN



Victor Rivera gives John Tolos a lot of trouble during the extraordinary match. If the experiments succeed, Rivera will be among the first to feel Tolos' wrath.

needle into your miserable heart. Now, before you upset me to the point where I accidentally kill you, why not stick out your arm and get this over with as soon as possible?"

Muttering foul oaths under his breath, Tolos took the injection. It was the 37th injection he's taken. Forty-eight more will be administered before Tolos can leave. If all goes according to theory, Tolos will leave the hospital as the most perfectly co-ordinated athlete in history. Of course, theories don't always become fact.

Approximately 100 athletes were asked to be the test subjects for one of the most remarkable experiments in medical history. About 20 men and women volunteered despite the risks involved. Only three athletes were chosen by an elimination process too complicated to describe here. One of those chosen was John Tolos, a decision everyone connected with the project has lived to regret.

The director of the medical institute, who must remain anonymous, describes the experiment: "The human brain employs perhaps only 10 percent of its total capabilities. This doesn't only involve the mental processes; physical strength and maneuverability are also limited. We believe the reason our brains don't function to their fullest potential is because we lack enough of a certain chemical. All of this chemical is used in the brain's functioning. Therefore, if we inject more than the normal amount of this chemical into the bloodstream, eventually to reach the brain, it may make the unused portions of the brain function. There is no way of telling what remarkable feats a man may be able to accomplish."

"We feel this chemical, able to be extracted from gorillas, will aid the physical rather than mental processes. Therefore, we hoped the promise of remarkable physical



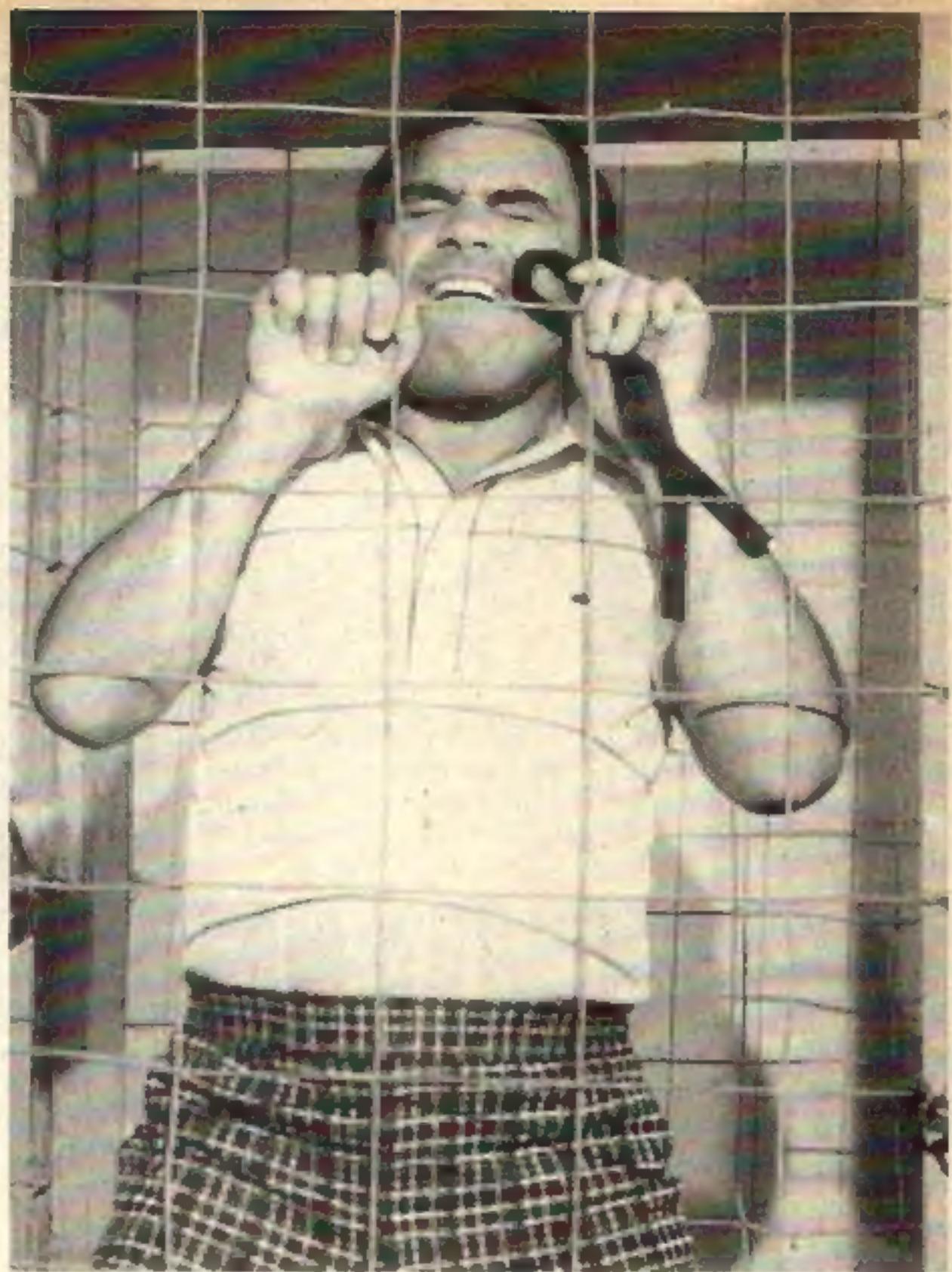
Once Tolos was suspended from a cage (above). He now hopes to someday have the power to break steel (right). Also, he'll no longer need oxygen to keep wrestling (below right).

Improvements would entice athletes to volunteer as test subjects.

"Of course, the risks are considerable. We've injected rats with the chemical extracted from other rats and the results have been remarkable. However, that is when the chemical comes from the identical species. To the best of our knowledge, the chemical found in gorillas is identical to that in humans, but that is only to the best of our knowledge. One doesn't have to have much of an imagination to realize the consequences of what might happen if there is an indiscernible difference between the gorilla and human chemical composition."

"John Tolos is running a great risk. He has also given up his freedom for the duration of the tests. We control everything he eats, drinks, sees, and feels. To volunteer for this experiment, a man must be ruthlessly ambitious. As we told John before beginning, it's conceivable a failure could mean Tolos will spend the rest of his life in a strait-jacket. I don't suppose it's any secret that many of those working with Tolos are almost hoping for failure. He's not the ideal patient."

"If we're successful, it may be the greatest breakthrough in medical history. It will also be one of the most expensive discoveries in





Above right: Tolos used to brag of secret weapons needed to defeat a foe. Now Tolos may be his own secret weapon! Above: To battle Pak Song, Tolos put on a collar. He won't need extra advantages if the experiments succeed. Right: Tolos leaps high in the air to come crashing down on Victor Rivera. Many believe Tolos doesn't need to be any greater than his natural gifts.

medical history. However, one could, without any exaggeration, create the six million dollar man. Of course, this research has taken over 26 years."

"To talk to Tolos, one must go to an ante-chamber much like the one used for the astronauts to prevent infection. One sits behind an exclosed glass wall and talks through a microphone to the person across from him. Tolos could probably be heard without the use of a microphone.

"I am being treated as if I'm about to crumble!" John growled. "This had better make a superman, I'll tell you that. It's been the worst two

months of my life. But when I get out of here, no one in wrestling will be able to stop me. No one! I've been promised perfect co-ordination, unbelievable speed, and the strength of five men. I'll be able to endure any pain capable of being inflicted by man. Tell the world to watch out for John Tolos!"

If you want to stop Tolos from bragging, simply ask him about his worries of a failed experiment.

"Have you heard something?" Tolos asks, his trembling voice betraying terror. "Have the doctors said anything to you? Isn't it going according to plan? Don't lie to me. Tell me the truth! Tell me

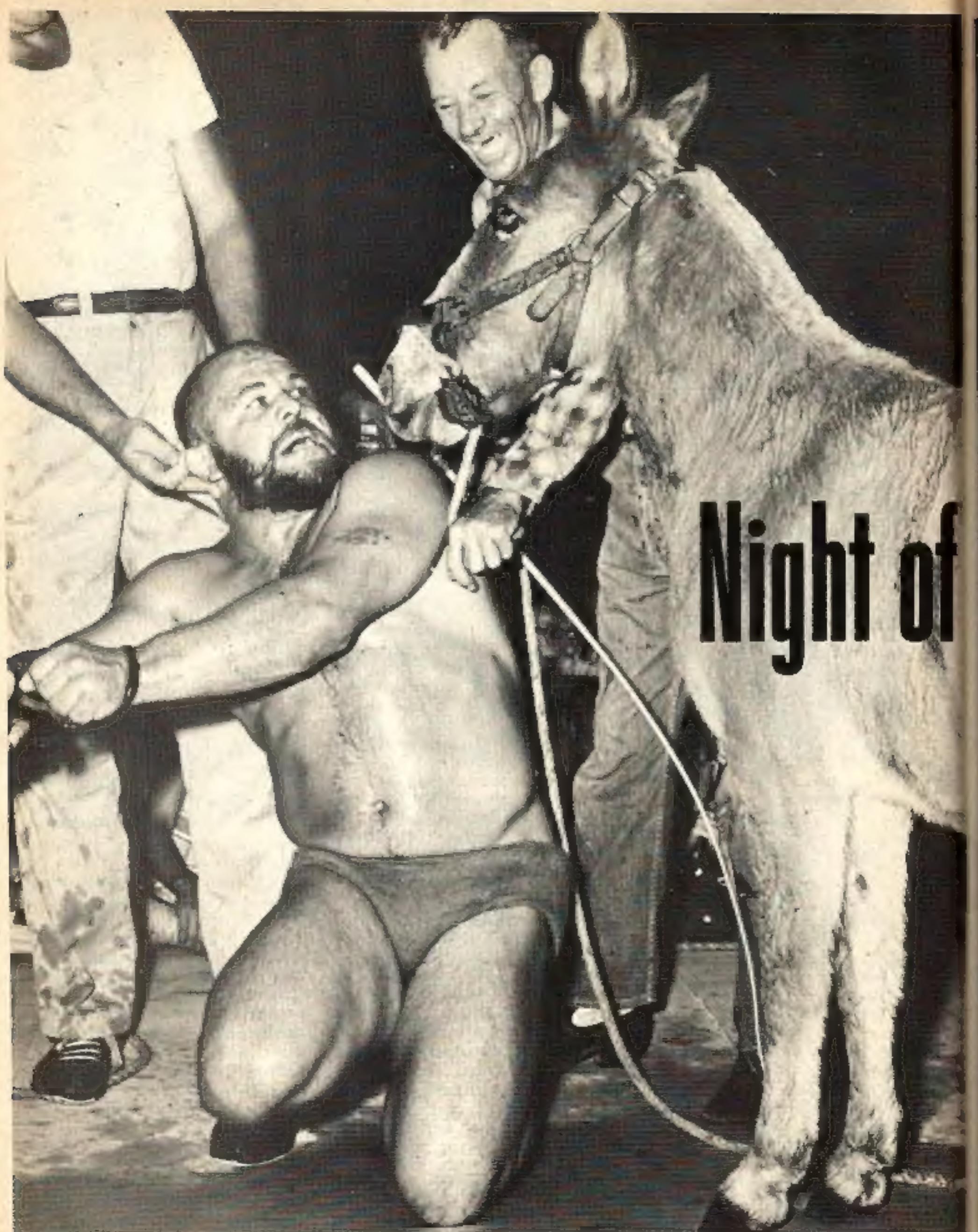


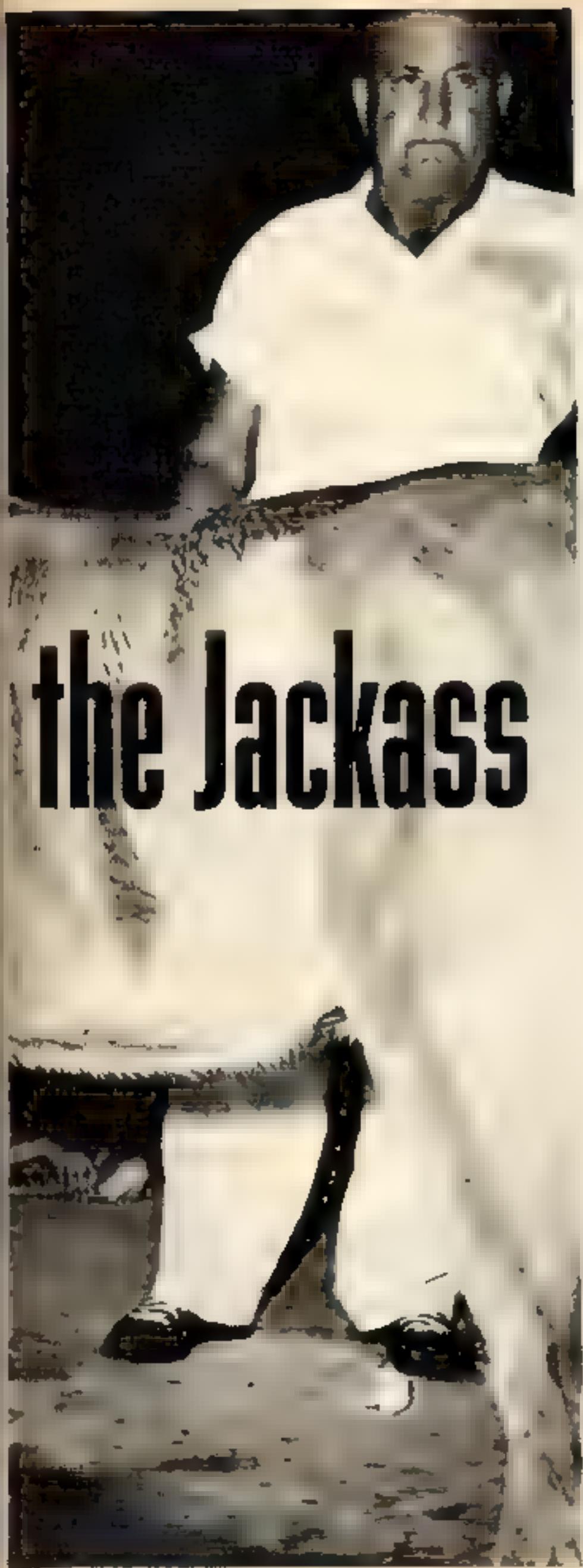
everything is all right! Promise me it's all right!"

Understandably, John Tolos is a scared man. He's risking his life for the chance of becoming the greatest wrestler whoever lived. However, every day he wakes up in his hospital room and checks himself out. Mornings are horrible, making sure no hideous change happened overnight. It's a strange way to live.

By the time you are reading this, John Tolos will be ready to leave the hospital. He will be one of three things: 1—A superman, 2—The same as he was when he entered, or 3—A diminished human being. He may also never leave the hospital, a deranged mind the sentence inflicted by medical failure. □

Night of





the Jackass

It was agreed that the loser of this showdown battle between Tony Borne and Danny McShane would bathe a jackass right in the ring. The donkey got his bath, alright, but neither Tony nor Danny did the job.

FLASHBACK SPECIAL!

THE FANS GAPED WHEN THE JACKASS WAS LED INTO THE RING. At least, it looked like a jackass. But what was it doing with zebra stripes? No one knew. One thing was sure, though: the critter smelled awful. The aroma curled the ropes and wilted everybody in the first five rows.

"Howl!" brayed the donkey.

"How yourself!" brayed a fan. "You belong in there with those other jackasses!"

"Those other jackasses," if you'll pardon the expression, were two grapplers who had been carrying on a vendetta—tough, rough and bearded Tony Borne and tough, rough unbearded Irish Danny McShane.

"This donkey," cried the announcer, "is a special added attraction tonight. He needs a bath pretty bad. And the loser of this bout is gonna give it to him—right here."

But nobody was going to make a jackass out of Tony or Danny. So they started wrestling like wildcats. It was a nifty trick but it didn't fool the donkey. He knew one of those wildcats would end up swabbing him down.

With one fall apiece, the boys were clawing up the canvas in the third frame when Tony's manager, Leo "The Lion" Newman, got into the act—and into McShane's hair. Danny finally spun around and gave Leo a tooth-crunching boot in the kisser. In a blazing flash, McShane then sailed out of the ring and passed out.

With the loser out cold, the donkey was in danger of missing his regular Friday night bath. The incensed Texans who had jammed into Houston's Civic Auditorium to see the fun, blamed Newman and howled for him to use the soap and brush on the donkey.

"Never!" sputtered Leo.

But Irish Mike Clancy and some other grapplers, who were on the scene for just such an emergency, soon changed Leo's mind after handcuffing Borne to the ropes to keep him from interfering.

For Leo, it was an ignominious evening all around. The jackass didn't care for his brushwork and dumped him. Flat on his—uh—pratt. □



PHOTOS BY JIM CALDWELL

SOMEWHERE IN THE middle of the State of New Mexico, nestled in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, lies a small, sleepy hamlet of no more than 700 people. The interstate highway runs nearby, and travelers from all across the country stop there to refuel their cars, grab a quick bite to eat, and renew their energies for the long trip still ahead. No one stays in this town for very long. It is not meant to be the site of a long sojourn.

Life is slower in this quaint little village. The sun beats down unmercifully during the day, and desert breezes cool the town to chilliness at night. Everyone knows everyone else. The travelers come and go, but the town never changes.

Just outside the hamlet is a sprawling ranch. The wealthiest—and best liked—man in town lives

Jose Lothario's Noble Promise:

"I WILL

MIL MASCARAS N

Even more than he wants the title himself, Jose Lothario wants Terry Funk dethroned as NWA king. In this quest, Jose has selflessly sacrificed his greatest dream to make the NWA title revered throughout the world. He is struggling to make Mil Mascaras NWA champion!

there. His money has bought him his indulgences. When he is there, he is free to do and be what he wants to be. Yet he is respected by everyone who knows him in this town. He is known to always have a sympathetic ear, and is always willing to help out if he can.

One day a stranger came to town. Unlike the travelers, this one did not move on after a brief respite from the rigors of long distance driving.

For this one man, the little southwestern town was to be the location of the most necessary rest he ever had. In that tiny village, Mil Mascaras found a new lease on life. He had his energies renewed. But unlike those thousands of travelers, Mil hadn't stopped in this town to refuel his car or to eat a quick meal. Mil had stopped there to do some rethinking about his entire career.

Why this particular hamlet in New Mexico? The answer was simple. This was the home of Jose Lothario, a very close friend to Mil, and the man who proved to be instrumental in putting the masked man's career back on the right track.

As soon as Mil arrived, he and Jose went into secret training sessions at Lothario's sprawling ranch outside of town. Their purpose was clear from the start: to develop new strategies and to form a new partnership. With those goals in mind the two men went to work.

Mil had much more to accomplish than did Jose. It had



Jose Lothario keeps a watchful eye on the action (above) as Seig Stanke tries to get out of a Mil Mascaras armbar. Mil captures maniacal Moondog Mayne in a punishing headscissors (right).



I'LL MAKE NWA CHAMPION!"

been the intention of Mascaras to begin again, to start from scratch and become a whole new wrestler. And it was to that end Mil worked. He improved noticeably. But he could never have done this without the help of Jose Lothario!

As their three month session in the small town was coming to a

close, Mil and Jose decided they must find an outlet to test their new abilities. After several long discussions, they both agreed the NWA would be the ideal area in which to premiere their new selves.

But one question still remained: what would be their final goal? If they had invested all this effort

in reworking their strategies, to what purpose would it serve? There had to be a concrete goal. There was—the NWA title.

Jose Lothario has coveted that precious belt for some time now. He has battled Terry Funk for it on several occasions, yet never succeeded in winning the title. Mil



Jose reaches out to Mil for a tag as Moondog applies pressure to an already painful front facelock (above). Mil gets the tag and floors Mayne with a spectacular flying headscissors. Mayne tries to make his escape, but Mil's leg grip is just too much for him (below).



Mascaras has never attempted to win the championship of the NWA. Yet the two men decided it would be Mascaras who would try to win Funk's title, not Jose.

Why did Jose decide to forego his hopes of winning the belt he so wanted? To understand the reasons one must understand Jose Lothario. He is a complex psychological study.

There are really two Jose Lotharios—the public Jose, which most wrestling fans know, and the private Jose, the man who gives so much of his time and effort to his friends and the people of his small town in New Mexico. The private man is kind and secure in his well-being. He can afford to relinquish a little glory to help a friend. Since Mil was as close a friend as Jose could have, it seemed natural for Lothario to give Mascaras the chance to win the title.

But Jose had pledged to do more than just relinquish the chance at the NWA title. He had promised to help Mil as much as possible in the quest for the championship.

"It is not that difficult to
(Continued on page 50)

THE KARATE KID VS. THE OFFICIALS

PHOTOS BY TONY LANZA

Does someone like the Karate Kid have a place in professional wrestling? Evidently, the officials do not think so. What do you think?



A savage karate kick sends the Karate Kid's opponent flying across into the turnbuckle

HE CLAIMS TO be the founder of the "New Generation" of wrestling hails from Western Canada and calls himself "The Karate Kid."

"Wait a minute! Karate and wrestling are two different sports, right?" "Wrong!" said the Karate Kid.

"In wrestling you see a guy get punched. You see him get kicked. You see forearms and elbows used as offensive weapons, and you see head-butts. I don't see any difference in karate. So tell me, why do officials keep disqualifying me for using my controlled karate?"

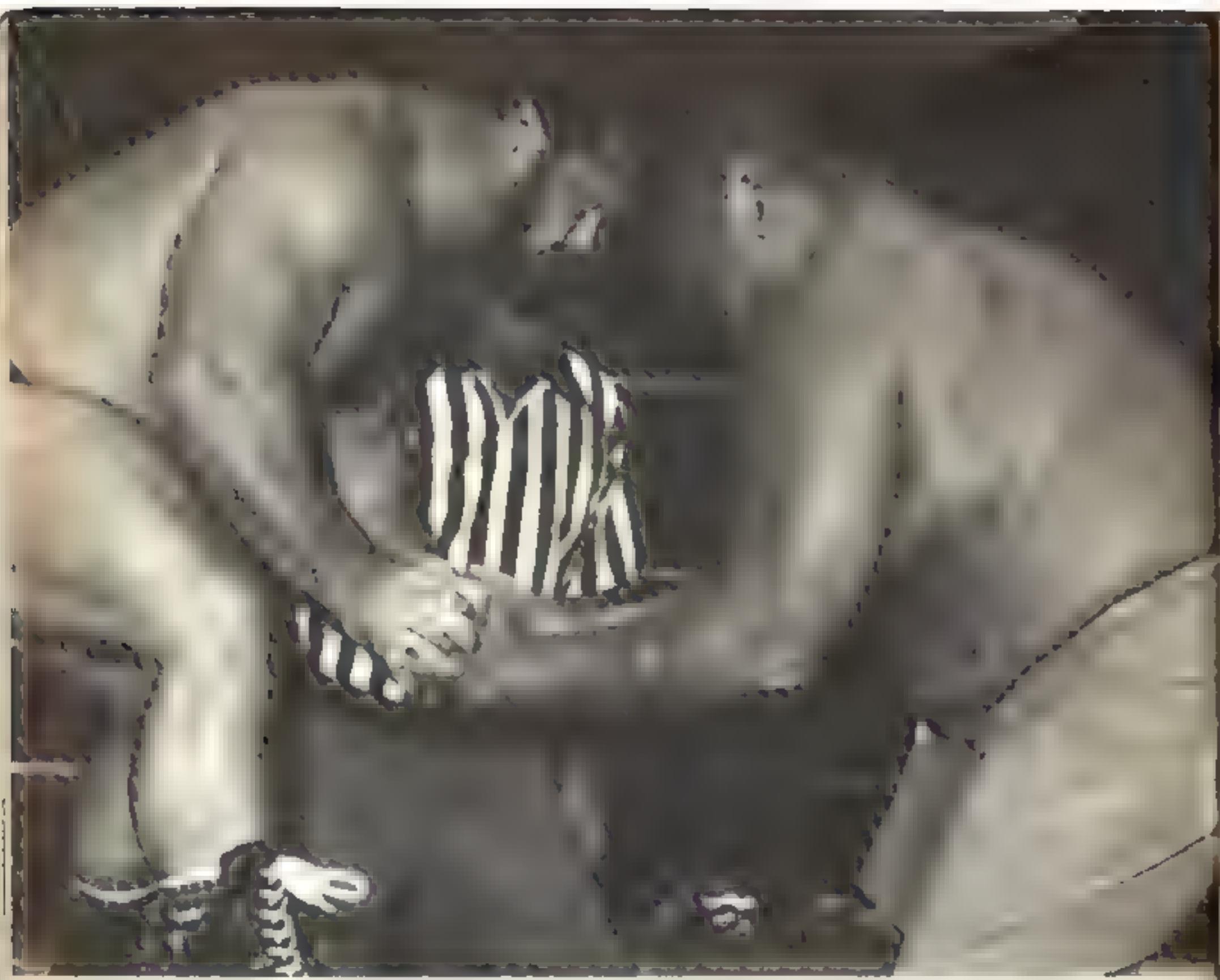
Controlled karate? "Yes," says the Karate Kid emphatically. "Karate, as brutal as it may appear to be, is a highly developed Oriental sport which is thousands of years old. Its masters have taught their disciples how to control their moves and blows to various degrees. I mean, I can kill a man with one shot, or take something off the same shot and knock him cold, or just stun him if I so desire. I'm sure the officials are afraid of me killing somebody, but believe me that won't happen. Heck, I've been licensed to wrestle as a professional, so someone must believe in the controlled skills of karate."

The officials are the ones that get the Karate Kid angry. "They always come over to me before the start of a match," the six foot tall blond says angrily, "and say something dumb like, 'Don't go pulling none of that Kung-Fu stuff, understand.' Their lack of open-minded-

(Continued on page 52)



The Karate Kid proudly wears the uniform of his art. He hopes to prove he's a wrestler!



THE BOUT WHICH ROCKED THE MAT WORLD!

THE FAMILIAR FIGURE racing through the streets of New York was Ivan Putski. The smile on his face made people wonder where he was headed and wish they were going with him. But Putski's destination allowed only one man at a time.

Minutes before, Ivan had been given the chance of a lifetime, in fact, the chance of many lifetimes. The WWWF promoters decided to offer

Ivan something no other popular wrestler has ever received, a chance at Bruno Sammartino's title. The champion strictly wrestles rulebreakers; promoters refuse to schedule scientific opponents for the WWWF king. Ivan could earn the right to be an exception.

Only one man stood between Ivan and his title shot. Putski didn't even think about him. All he considered on

this day was the chance he'd have to be champion. Excitement propelled him through New York's streets. Visions of the championship conquered his mind. He was in the dream world of title glory and wrestling immortality. Ivan couldn't have told what he saw while running through the city.

The next day, when the euphoria slightly abated, Ivan gave consideration to his opponent. This



Above left: Ivan Putski lifts Tor Kamata high in the air before smashing the Japanese mat star to the canvas. Above right: It's a slugfest as Ivan flairs with his fists at Kamata's body and head.

Some people talked about it for hours afterward; others were afraid to talk about it at all. For Ivan Putski, it was a nightmare from which he can never awaken. For wrestling, the consequences will be felt for years to come!

man could not be dismissed as a mere stepping stone. No one walks over the Japanese terror, Tor Kamata. To make it even more difficult, Kamata was also wrestling for a title shot. The winner of their match had been promised Sammartino.

While Ivan studied films, devised strategies, and dreamed, his title chances generated a great deal of excitement in the wrestling community. Many talked of a new era in WWWF wrestling. Popular wrestlers, top men who had never had a title shot, called Putski to give him advice. They realized his title success could mean a championship bid of their own. No wrestler has received so much help from colleagues. And no wrestler has been subjected to so much pressure.

Ivan never felt so driven to succeed. Men he admired, friends of long standing, counted on his victory over Kamata. If he failed, they would be plunged back into the hopeless knowledge of never getting a title shot. It was a heavy burden he would carry into the arena that night.

(Continued on page 54)



Tor Kamata howls in pain as Ivan Putski pounds a fist into his victim's chest. Though Ivan had hoped to make this a scientific match, it took only a few minutes before he decided survival meant being as rough as Kamata. Putski knew this was the most important match of his career, one of the most important in WWWF history. Anything less than victory would be a betrayal to everything Ivan holds dear.



THE FIRST DRINK was gulped to quickly bathe frayed nerves. The second was sipped slowly, as the three exhausted men sank into the plush recliners. The penthouse living room looked like a tornado had struck, yet no one noticed the mess. Their eyes were filled with sorrow.

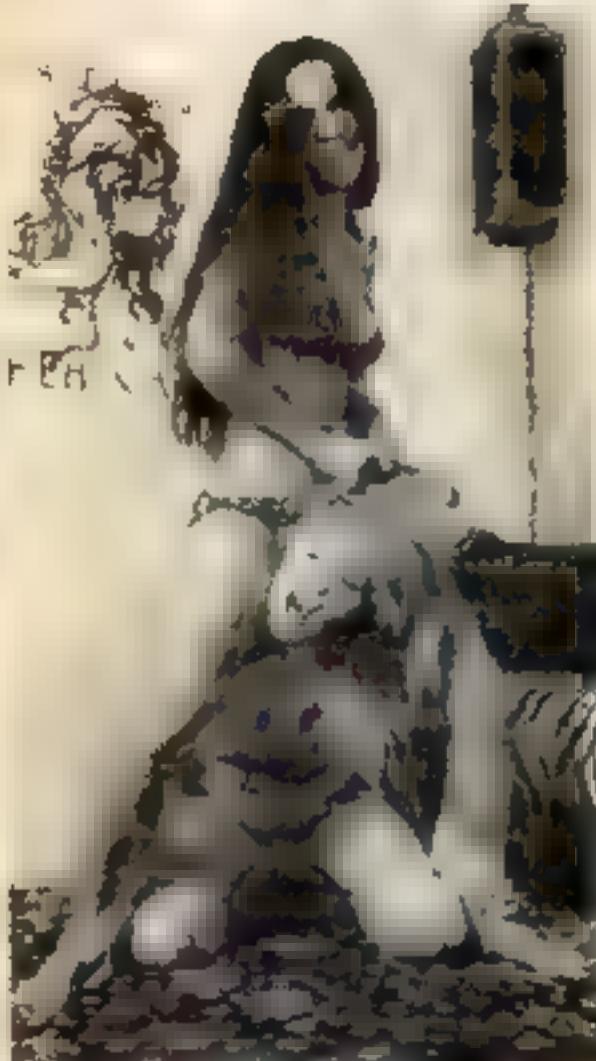
A beautiful woman had gone mad only an hour before. An exquisite blonde temptress named Courtney had only minutes ago been carried from the room, her body bound tightly in a stretcher. Contemplating the ordeal were two prominent California psychiatrists and Dave Moll, apartment wrestling impresario.

"I should have suspected," Moll whispered to no one in particular. "From the first, I sensed something was wrong. But she earned her place as an apartment wrestler. When she asked to battle Tara, it

SECRET SCANDAL

THE APARTMENT WE ALMOST GOT

Torn between saving the dignity of apartment wrestling or printing the truth, regardless of whom it may hurt, was the difficult decision our editors were forced to make. Deciding the truth is greater than all other considerations, we print a story that may shock, disturb, and even disgust. But you have the right to know.



Above: Courtney tries desperately to withstand the crushing weight of her tormentor. Right: Courtney's teeth dig deep into Tara's exposed flank as the blonde begins to battle like a maddened animal.



seemed only natural. How was I to know?"

"Unless you had known her history," one of the psychiatrists pointed out, "there was no reason to suspect. Even from what I know now, I can't understand it. If what she told us about her past is true, there's no reason for her breakdown."

It would take a week before the facts were known. Courtney had spent two years in a women's maximum security prison. Subjected daily to tortures too vile to print in this magazine, the blonde's mind suffered trauma after trauma. A year after being released, the beauty had still required weekly psychiatric care. After a year, she

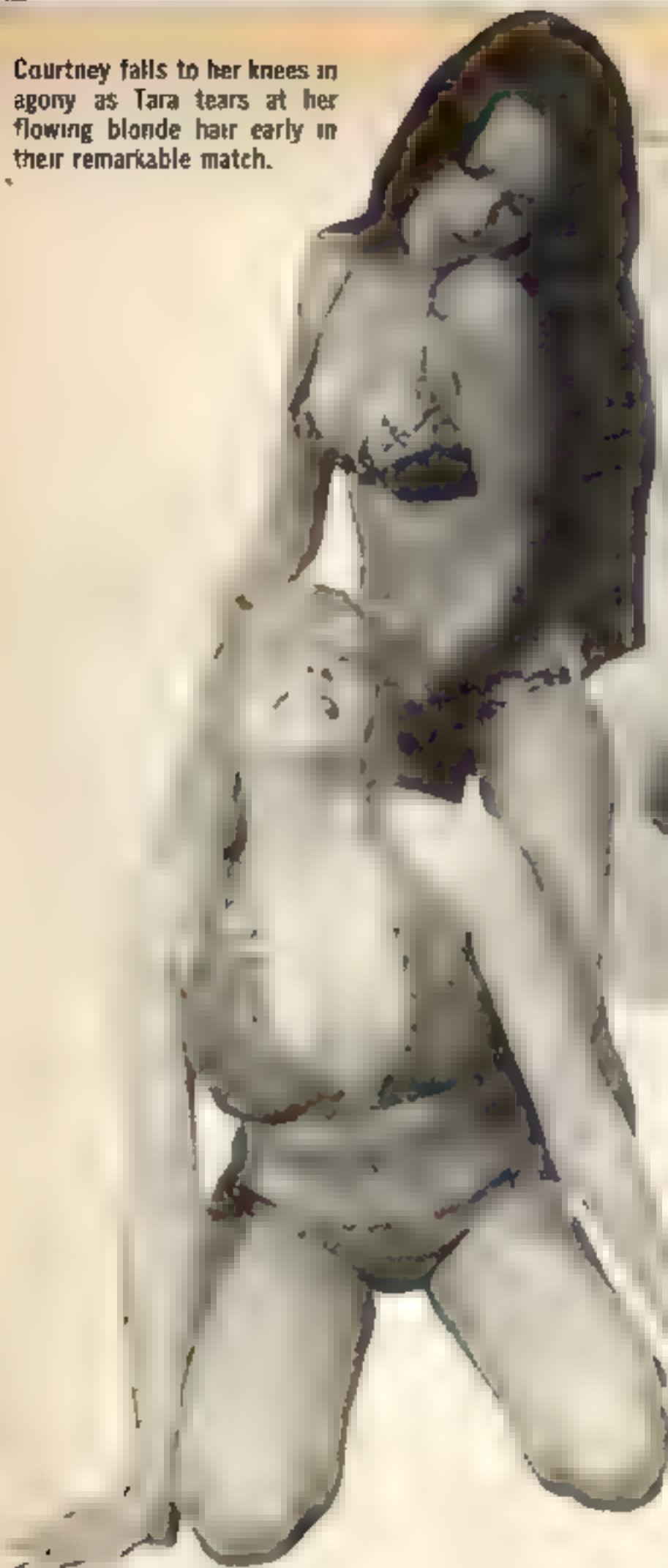
disappeared. Her parole officer and psychiatrist would not hear of her again until the breakdown.

No one is quite sure what happened during the next year to this hapless woman. Her story is picked up again when she contacted Dave Moll to be an apartmenthouse wrestler.

Moll had been hesitant to accept

WRESTLING STORY YOU DON'T PRINT!

Courtney falls to her knees in agony as Tara tears at her flowing blonde hair early in their remarkable match.



Tara is bent backwards by Courtney (above). The blonde releases one of her victim's arms to rake her nails along Tara's belly (below). To put Tara in pain, Courtney gives the lithe brunette a chance to escape and seek revenge

her into this elite corps, although he never suspected her cover story about being a struggling actress. And the readers of SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING voted to allow Courtney to become an apartment wrestler. Moll asked the readers to judge after reading of Courtney's first match against Tara. Both Courtney and Tara were deemed worthy. Another ironic note is added to this tragic story when one considers Courtney went berserk after her rematch with Tara.

Much time passed between the first and second matches. Tara had won the apartment wrestling championship and then thrown away the title. Claiming the sport shouldn't have a champion, Tara asked there be no title race with its ugly implications. Her wish had been granted, and no championship exists. Courtney never rose above mediocre. The blonde never commanded the adoration she so desperately craved. No one suspected what this deprivation





was doing to a mind already bordering on collapse

Courtney had begged Dave Moll for hours to allow her to wrestle Tara, acknowledged as the most ferocious battler of all apartment wrestlers. A victory over the blonde beauty would give Courtney notoriety and a chance for her future matches to become stellar events. Moll would normally not let Tara wrestle against a woman of Courtney's unprepossessing ability. Yet, there was an urgency in the blonde's pleas Moll couldn't ignore. If the drive which led her to beg for the match could be transformed into action, Dave knew this would be a magnificent battle. And there was something in her eyes forbidding Moll to disappoint her.

A quick telephone call to Tara proved Moll should have consulted her first.

"Why should I?" Tara asked, a legitimate question. "I deserve the best opponents. Courtney isn't in my class, you know that. I don't see why I've got to go slumming because you don't have the guts to say no."

"I'm not asking you to go 'slumming.' Oh glorious one," Moll

snapped. "I only asked you to indulge a sad woman. She needs this match I can sense that. You are what she can never become. All I'm asking is for you to allow her to share some of your glory for one evening, which will probably be ended quickly."

There was silence at the other end of the phone for over a minute before Tara hissed like a hunted snake. "I'll be there. And I'll destroy her, as everyone knows I can. But I'm warning you. Don't ever talk like that to me again."

"If you expect to be addressed decently," Moll concluded, "behave like a decent human being."

Neither Moll or Tara heard the loud click of the receiver being slammed down. Both had slammed their phones down at the same time.

Courtney was delighted when she heard the arrangements had been made for the match. In fact, phonecalls to Moll were made almost daily as the woman worried over inconsequential details. It made Dave uneasy, but not enough for him to cancel the match. After the breakdown, Moll would see plenty of clues in those

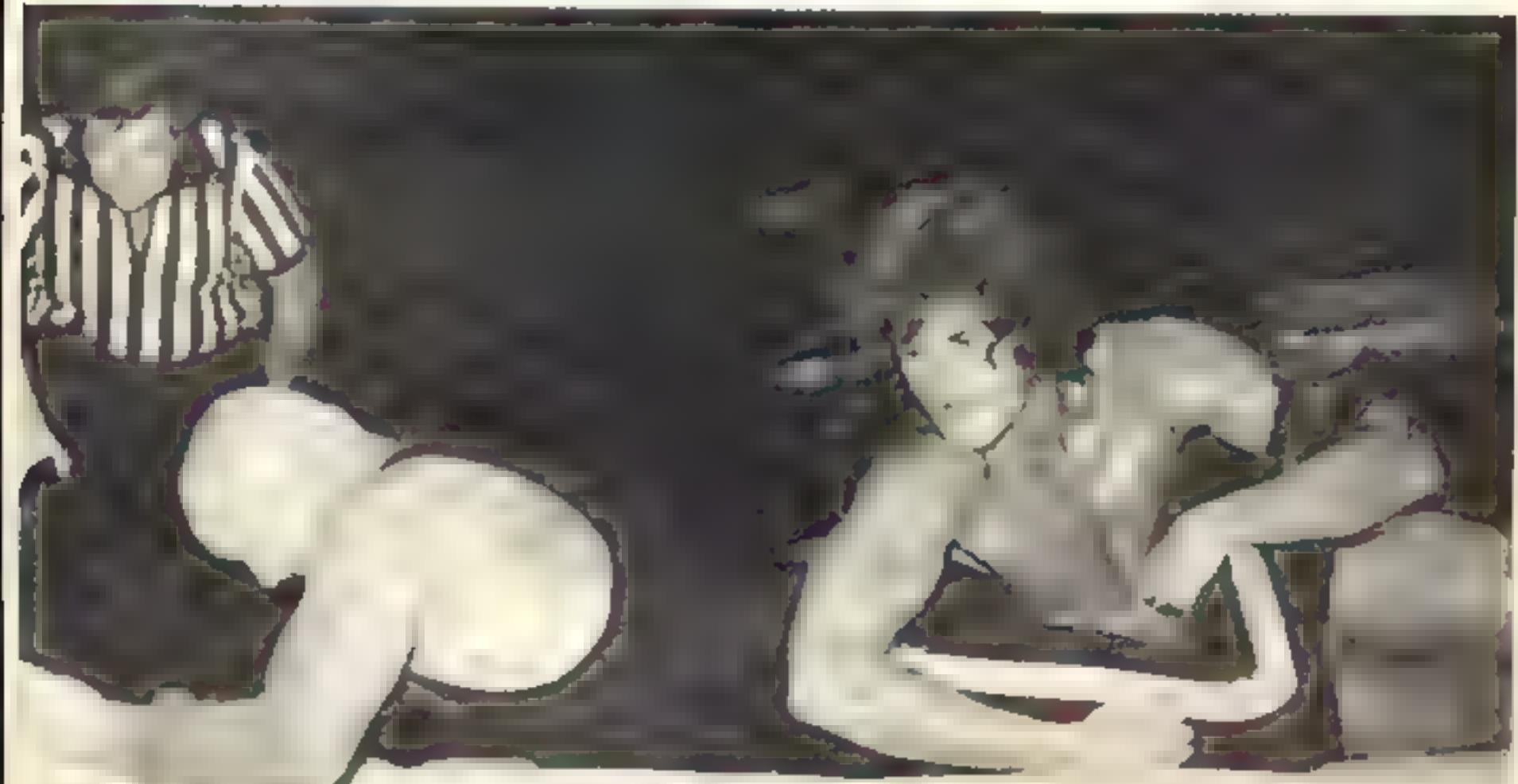
(Continued on page 58)

Tara digs her nails in Courtney's breast as the blonde's halter is torn away. It is this indignity which contributed to the victim's eventual breakdown.

AREA CLOSE-UP: TENNESSEE

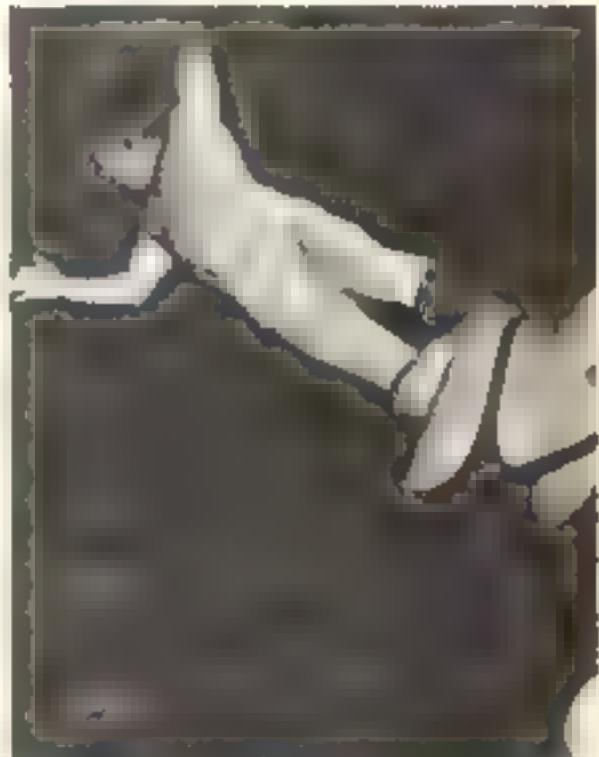
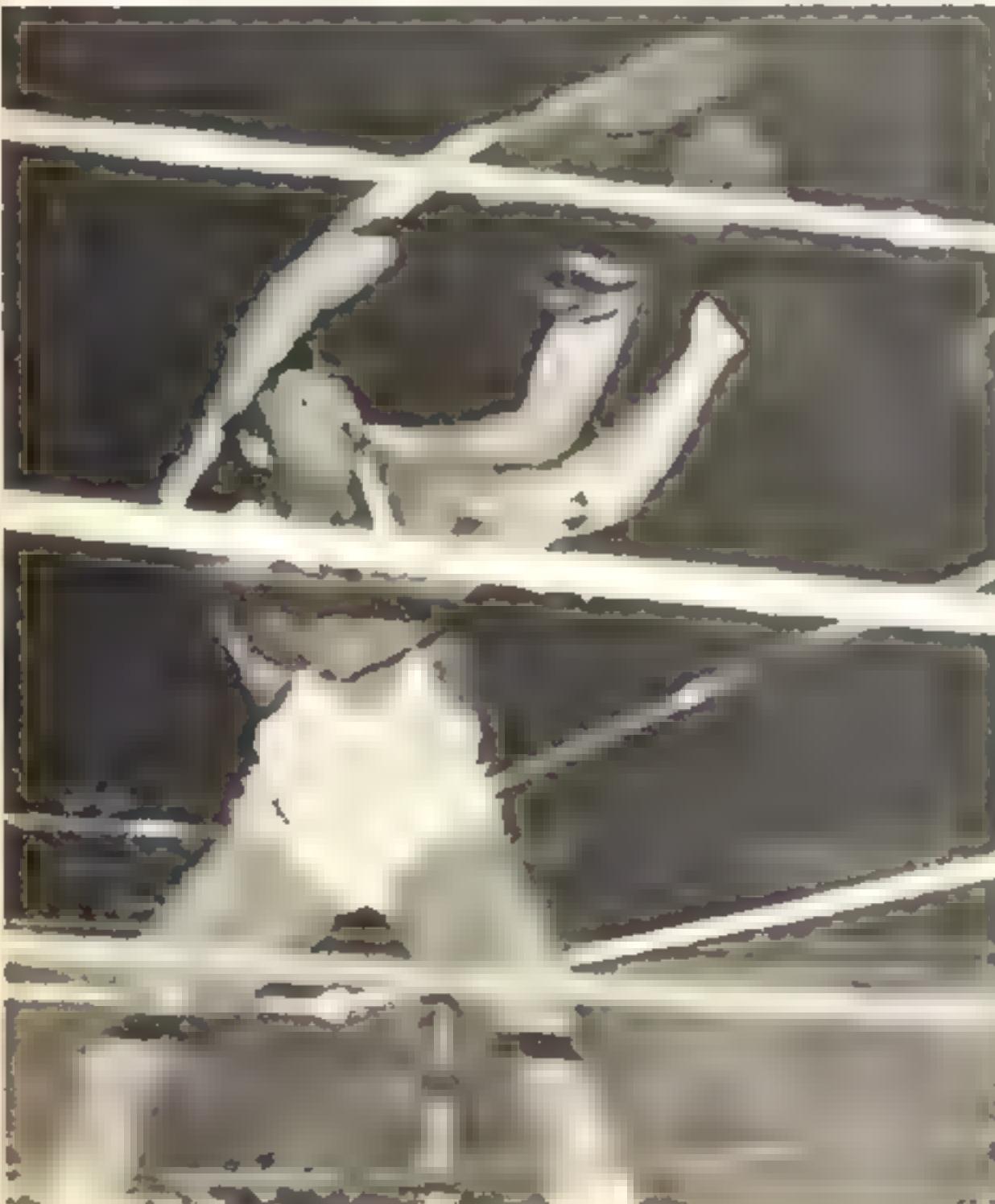


The "King of Memphis," Jerry Lawler, comes off the ropes and attempts to karate thrust NWA champion, Terry Funk (above). It was one of the greatest battles ever witnessed by Tennessee fans. The popular Robert Fuller locks up the hated Otto Von Heller (below). Fuller is one of the most crowd-alluring grapplers to ever wrestle in Tennessee.





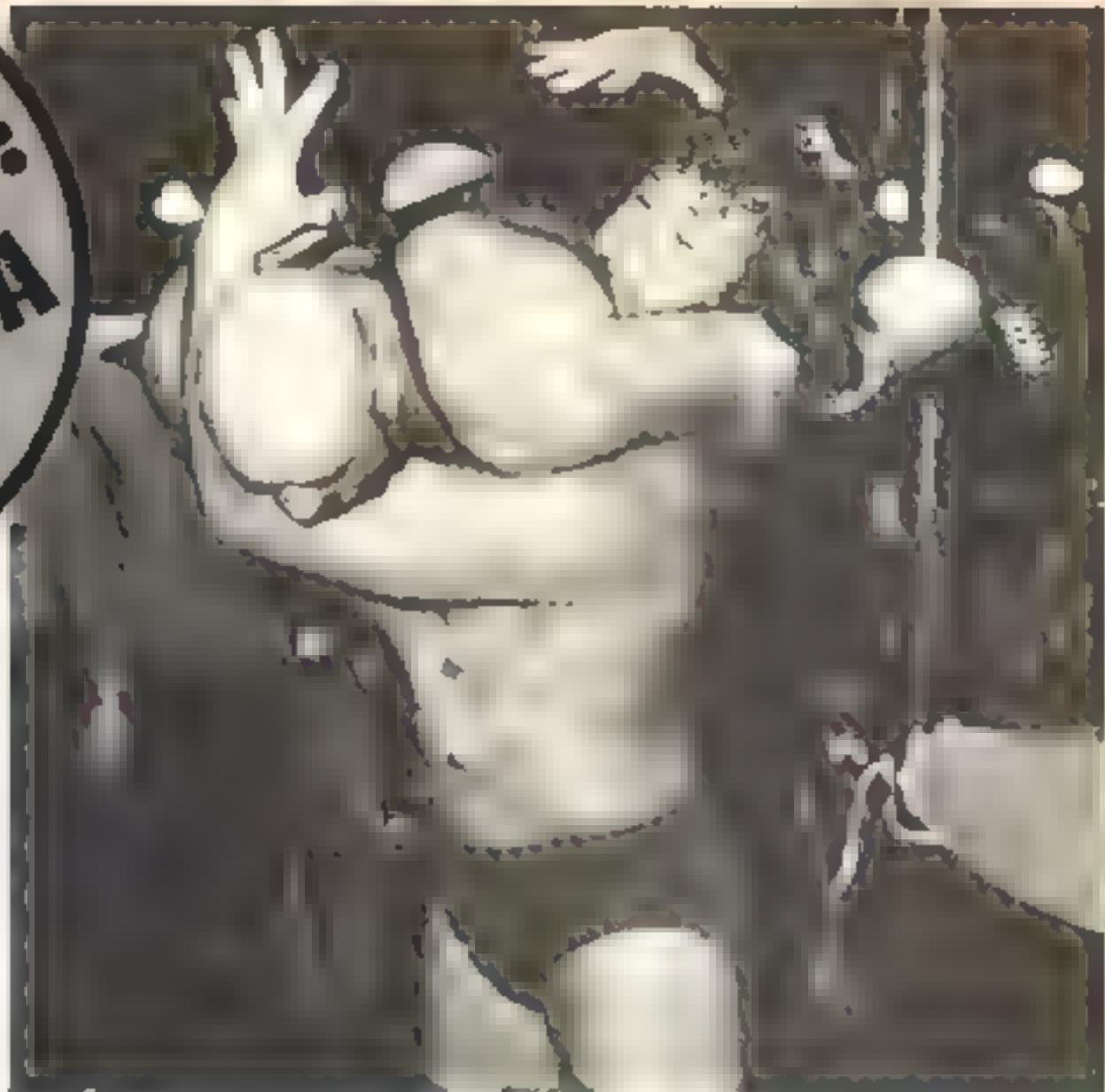
"Mean" Don Greene slams Eve Graham (left). One of the most violent feuds in wrestling (above) was when Phil Hickerson sent Jack e Fargo on a trip across the ring. Peak action—Bob Armstrong slams Jim Kent off his turnbuckle perch (below left). A perfect dropkick (below) is executed as Australia's Bill Dundee sends Otto Van Heer to the canvas.

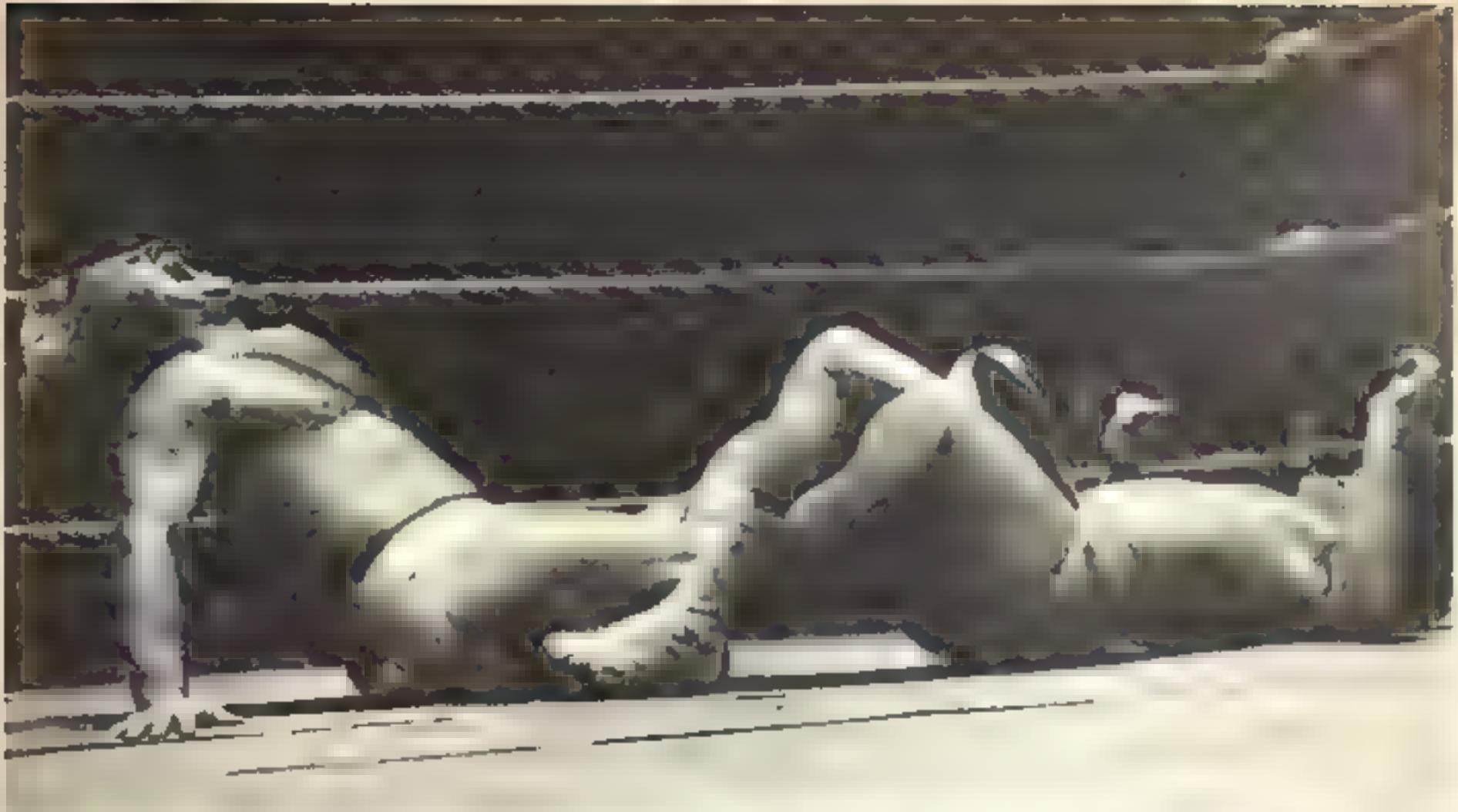


Unless you're a millionaire, it's impossible to travel across the country and see the different wrestlers in the various areas. Here's the next best thing: photo highlights of the top matches in selected arenas throughout the world. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the action!

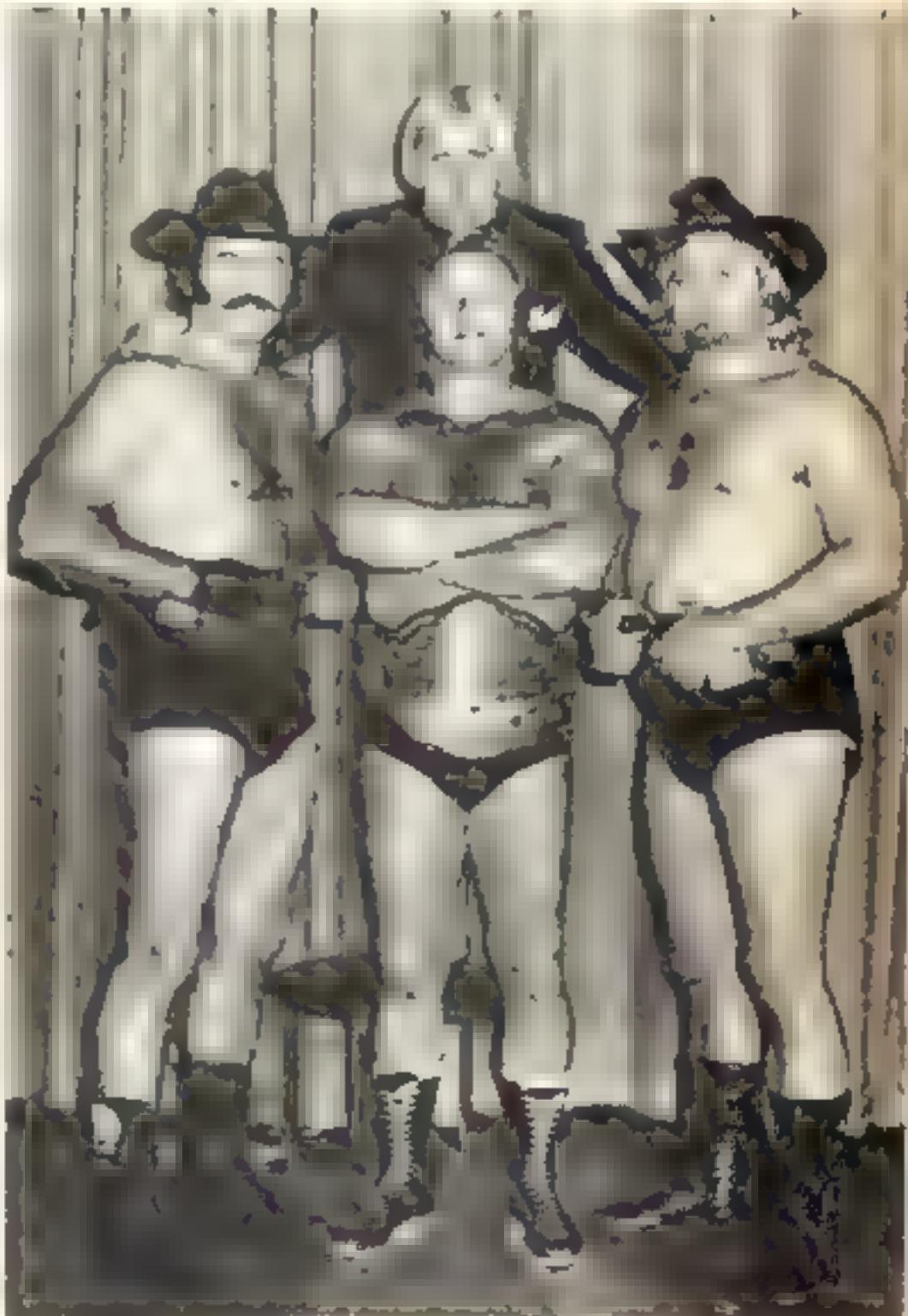
AREA CLOSE-UP: MINNESOTA

Rookie sensation Billy Francis slams Mad Dog Vachon onto the arena floor (above) in a wild melee that saw both men disqualified! Greg Gagne in action (right). Even opponent Pierre Poission would agree that Greg has one of the best dropkicks ever!





Jim Brunzell uses the figure-four leglock attempting to wrestle the AWA title away from champion Nick Bockwinkle (top of page). The leglock is Nick's best weapon! Former WWWF champion Pedro Morales, now in contention for Bockwinkle's crown, armlocks roughhouse master Roger Kirby (above). Manager Bobby Heenan and "The Family" (right) in a formal pose. The family consists of Bockwinkle and AWA tag team kings, Bobby Duncum and Blackjack Lanza



PHOTOS BY BILL APTER

(Continued)



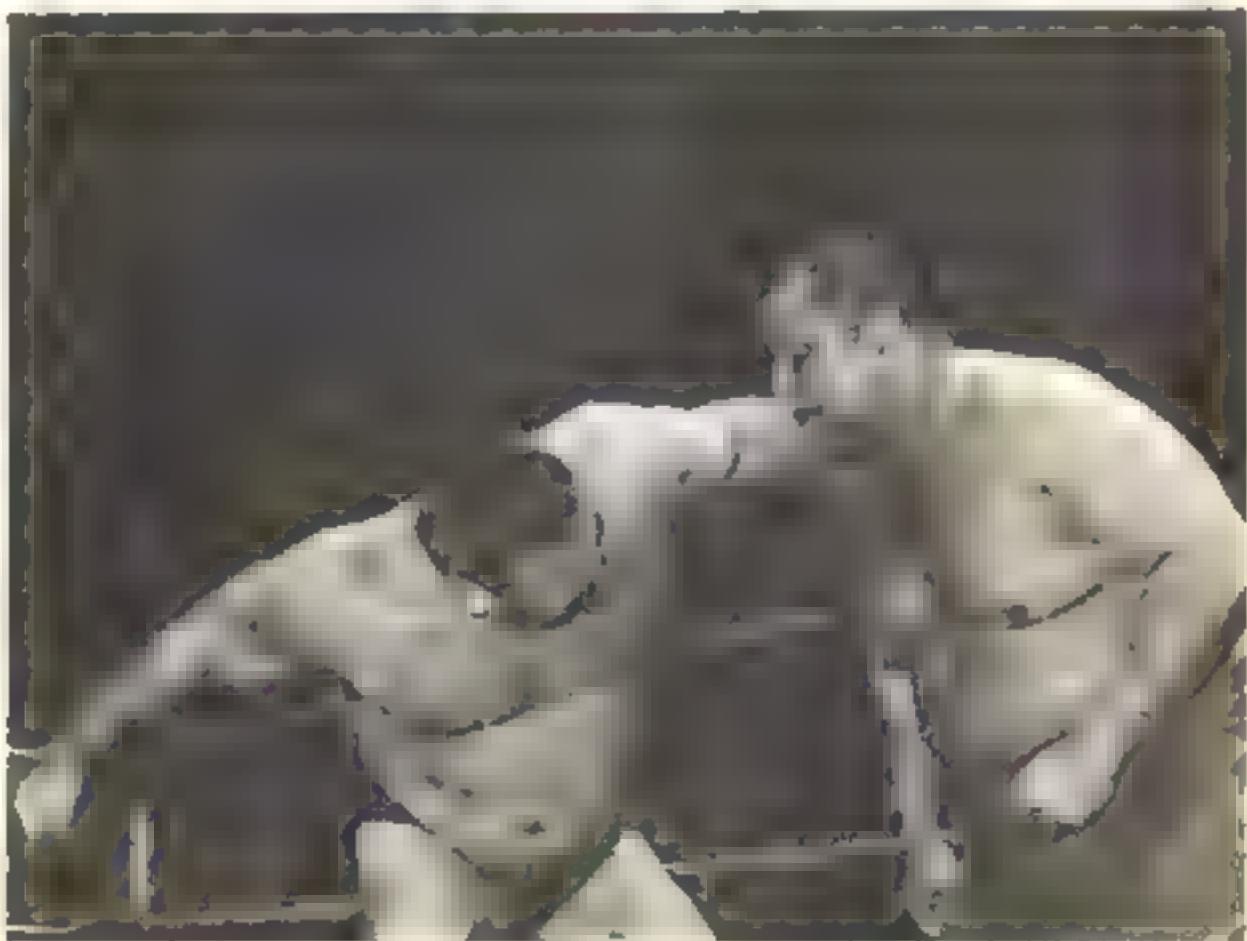
Chief Peter Maivia corkscrews German terror Baron Von Raschke (left). The "High Flyers" (above) Jim Brunzell and Greg Gagne. They are a spectacular duo. Ray Stevens signs a longterm contract with AWA promoter Wally Karbo (below)



AREA CLOSE-UP: NEW YORK

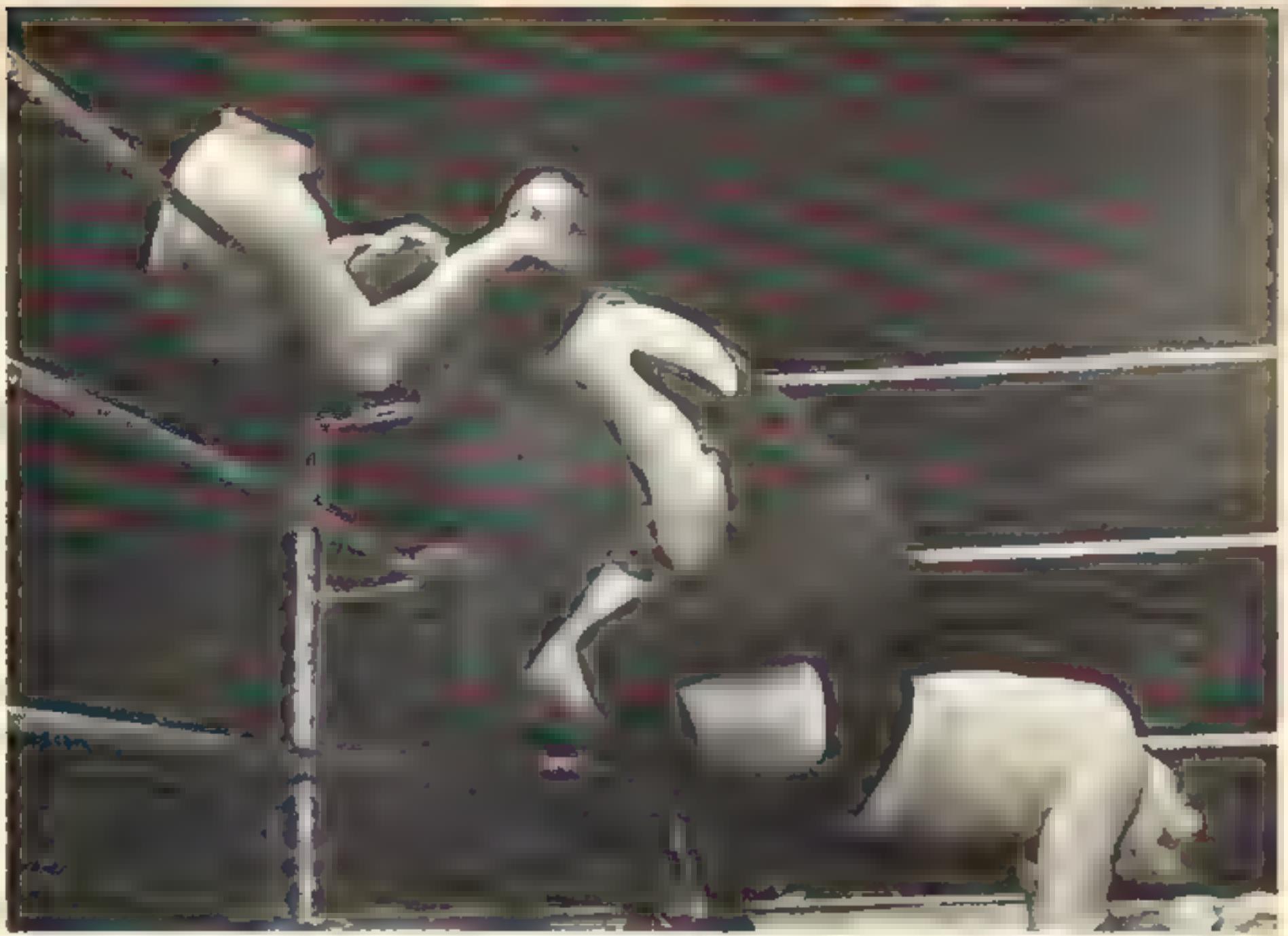


Rocky Tamayo applies a nervehold on Indian Bill White Wolf (above). Chief Jay Strongbow has his hands full trying to put Nikolai Volkoff to sleep (above right). Manny Soto makes Bruiser Brodie cry out in pain (below). It's Ivan Putski about to smash huge Tor Kamata (below right).



PHOTOS BY BILL APTER

(Continued)



Wrestling's most controversial duo, The Executioners, show doubleteaming at its cruelest (above). S.D. Jones in action against the cornered Doug Gilbert (left). The "Lariat" expert, Stan Hansen, (below) stomps "Polish Power" Ivan Putski



When you talk about New York wrestling, you talk about WWWF champion Bruno Sammartino. Here Bruno is about to pay Stan Stasiak back for the grief he caused him just moments earlier. Stan is a former WWWF champion.



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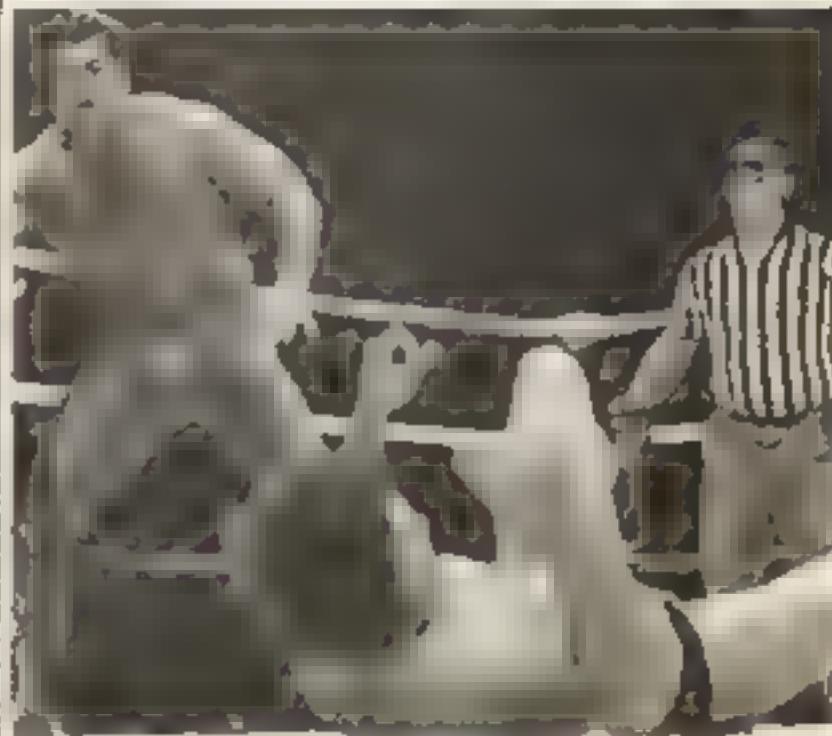
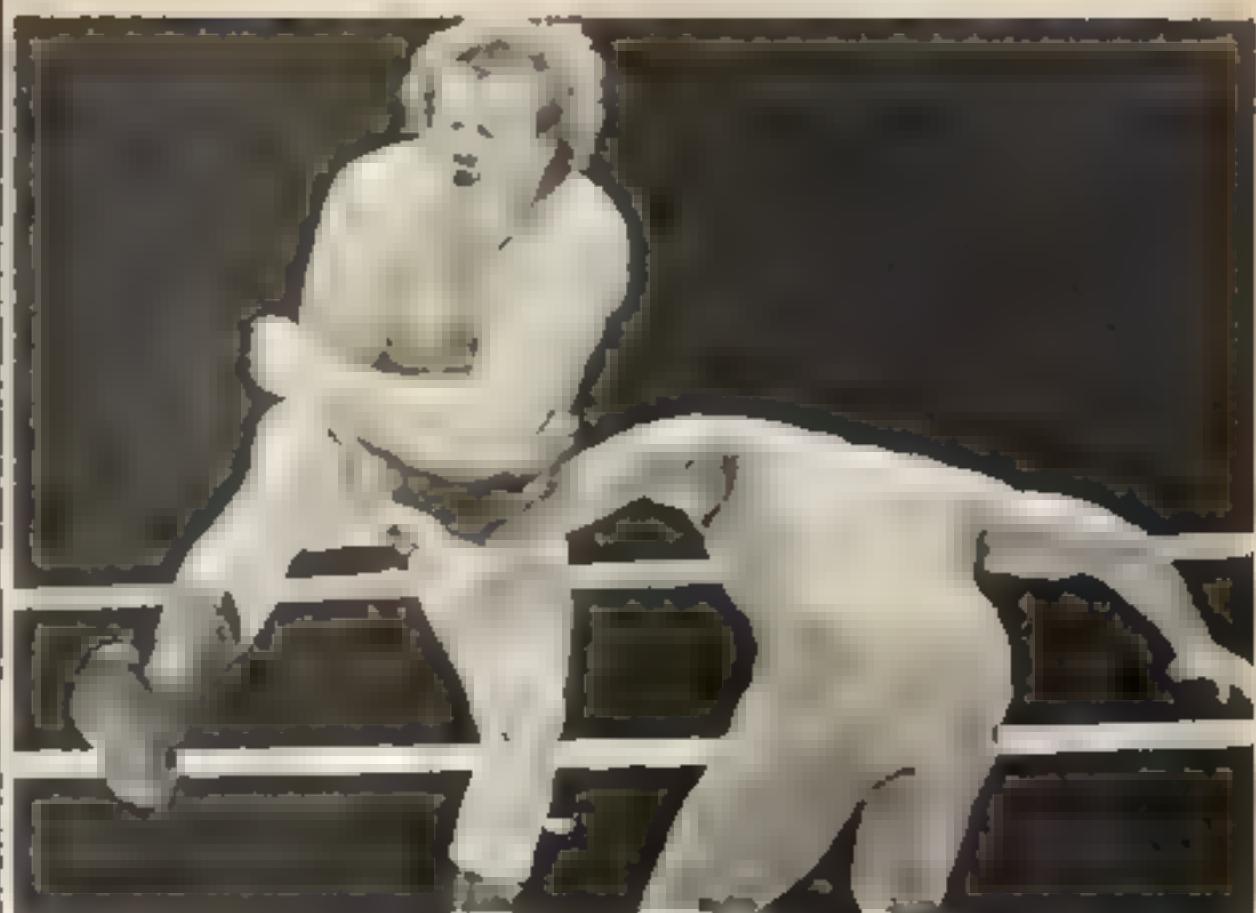
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PEDRO MORALES

(Continued from Page 15)



Above: Buddy Wolff is doubled over by Pedro's forearm to the body. Wolff, one of the most feared wrestlers in the sport, paid for underestimating Pedro. Wolff won't believe Morales is through anymore! Left: Wolff is thrown to the mat late in the match as Morales proves he's ready to recapture his former glory.

went on and on. Pedro knew the fans were simply curious. But the hurt remained. And it cut deeply into his being.

Only one option was left open. To start from scratch again. To examine the factors standing in the way of a title shot. To go out and rebuild the fallen past. To start anew.

The AWA is beset by villains, and new and more evil ones are arriving every day. Case in point: Moose Morowski. The fans have grown to hate him in a very short time, just as they have despised Buddy Wolff, Baron Von Raschke, Mad Dog Vachon, Bobby Duncum, Blackjack Lanza, and, at the top of their list, AWA champion Nick Bockwinkle. Pedro formulated a plan to defeat these men and cleanse the association

of their illegal methods.

It was clear the spectators were supporting Pedro Morales the night he stepped into the ring for his first AWA battle. They gave the former WWWF champion an enthusiastic reception. They wanted him to defeat Morowski and further his plans for the championship.

With the fans' enthusiasm backing him up, Pedro felt he could do no wrong. And, as the match progressed, it was clear Morales would do no wrong that night. Every maneuver seemed to work. Every tactic was executed perfectly. The victory was Pedro's for the asking.

Suddenly, things began to look up for Morales.

Life started to take on a new look to
(Continued on page 48)

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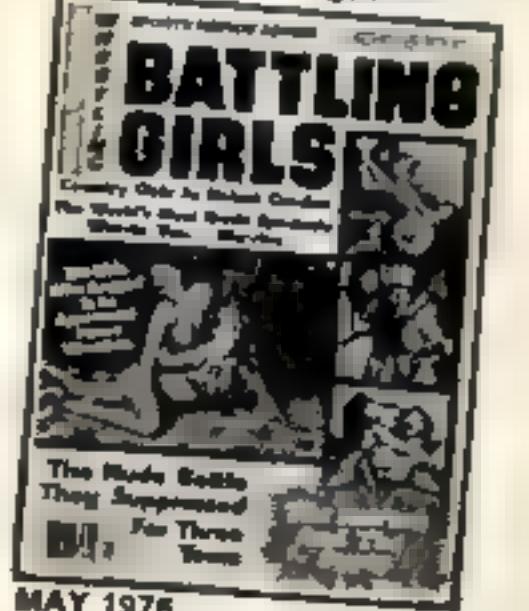
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ADULT
READING



PEDRO MORALES

(Continued from Page 46)



Morales executes a perfect flip and smashes Moose Morowski to the canvas early in their wild brawl.

Pedro. That pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—the AWA championship—began to look like a realistic goal. It could be reached—in good time.

That existence in rundown motels was ending. Morales began to realize it had all been necessary though, for sometimes a man has to go a long distance out of his way in order to come back a short distance correctly. Pedro had gone on that long side downward. The trip back to the top would be much shorter.

Following the victory over Morowski, Morales started working on his plan to take the AWA title. Soon matches were arranged for Pedro against Buddy Wolfe, Baron Von Rasche, and Mad Dog Vachon. Morales no longer had time to notice his surroundings; his mind was concentrating on one thing, and one thing only. He wanted the AWA belt.

Soon, it was quite clear Pedro's fortunes were improving. There were no more stays in two-bit motels. Most of his available time was spent in intense training. The fans began to start asking more positive questions like, "How soon before you get a shot at the title champ?" Clearly, Pedro's fortunes had been reversed.

And now there are only a few contenders left standing in the way of Morales and the title. The inevitable match will find Nick Bockwinkle facing Pedro Morales. If Pedro keeps going like he has been, he may emerge from that match as a champion. Then he will be back on top where he belongs. Then he can forget about his bad days and look forward to the best days of his life..

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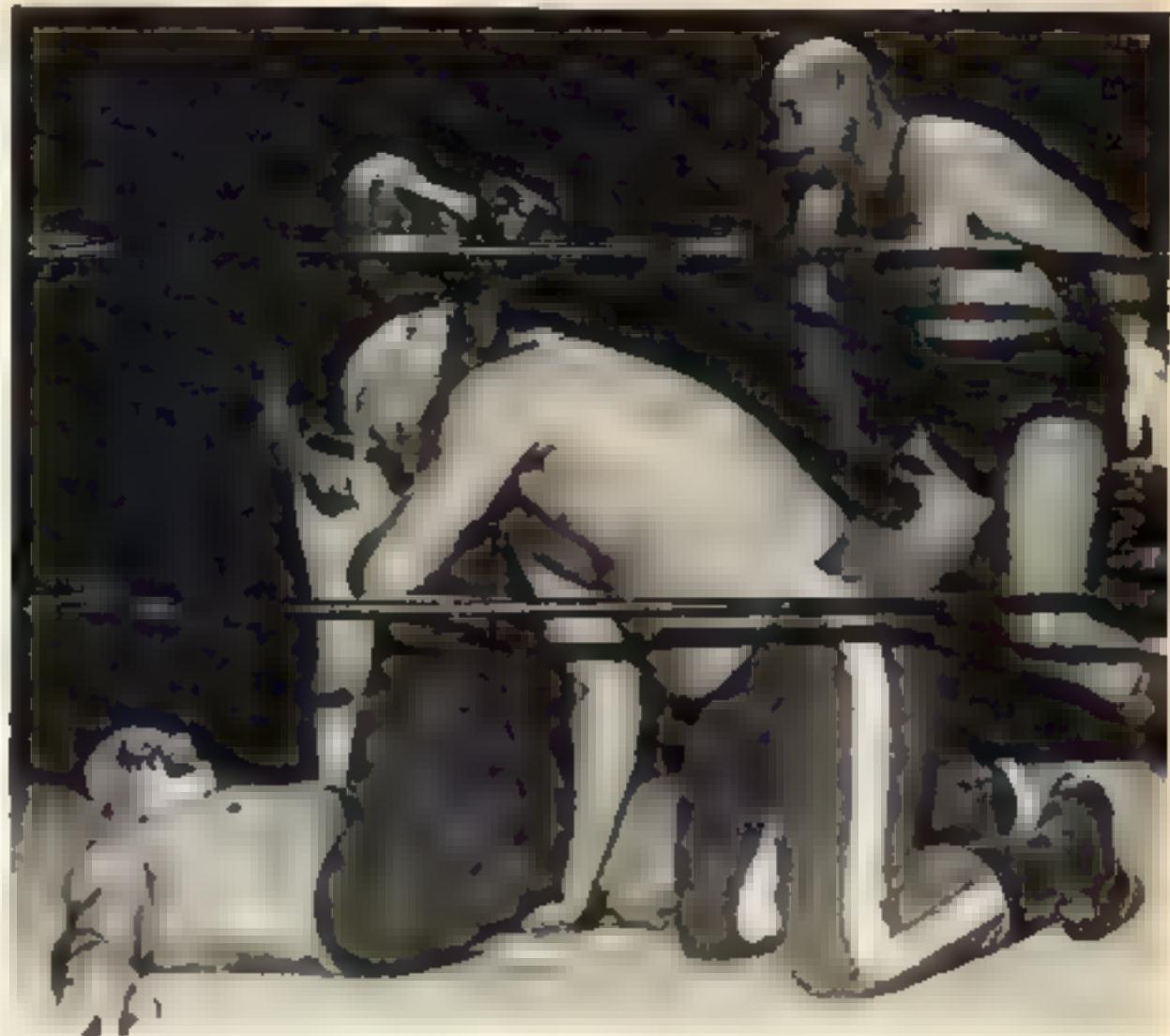
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Lothario's Promise

(Continued from Page 28)



Stanke runs in to aid Mayne (above). Mascaras will meet the double challenge and thwart them both. Moondog begs for mercy (below) as the masked sensat on begins another attack. Mil is wrestling in Texas, NWA territory, with hopes of getting a title shot against Terry Funk.



understand," explained Lothario. "I feel it is time for my friend Mil Mascaras to win the NWA title. He would restore the honor the title has lost due to the reign of Terry Funk. Mil Mascaras has always been an excellent wrestler. Now he is even better than he was before."

"Of course, I am better than I was before also. I feel I could have a good chance of winning the belt from Terry Funk. But it is not my time to do that. It is Mil's time. And he will do it. With the condition he is in now, there can be no way he can lose. I am confident of that!"

Mil Mascaras is equally confident, and very grateful "Without Jose Lothario," said Mascaras. "I would have been in serious trouble. He was there when I needed him. He offered his help when I could use help. He taught me things I could do that I had never even dreamed possible. And it was Jose's idea that I should try to win the NWA title from Terry Funk. I cannot fully express my thanks to him."



Stanke uses the ropes as an extra method of applying pressure to an armbreaker that has Jose Lothario on the verge of blacking out.

"The only way I can think of now to show Jose how grateful I am is to win the NWA belt. With his guidance, I am sure I can do it. Without him there, I am not sure what would happen."

After three months, the people in the tiny New Mexico hamlet had begun to get used to seeing the masked stranger around town. They had grown to like him, simply because their friend, Jose Lothario, liked him.

But when the end of the sojourn came, the townspeople were sorry to see Mil go. They knew that when Mil left, their friend would soon follow to help out.

And so now the entire wrestling community waits to see what the results will be. Will Mil be able to capture Funk's title? Will Jose's gamble pay off? Everyone will be watching, especially some 700 people in a little village in New Mexico. □

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THE EX-CONS

(Continued from Page 18)



Ex-Con II shows no mercy for his opponent by kicking him in the groin. It's tactics like this that make this tag team one of the most feared in the world. Yet, their identities are unknown.

in—and the future. The future's going to mean a whole lot of money for us!"

The other Ex-Con agrees, saying, "We know we can destroy any other two men in the world. When we were top men in jail, five or six guys would attack us at a time, trying to take away our power. Well, there wasn't a time when they didn't land in the hospital."

"I figure, between us, we're responsible for 84 broken bones in less than a year. And I'm not counting ribs. I think they paroled us because we

were causing too much trouble!"

The Ex-Cons plan to be doing a lot of troublemaking in wrestling. While not abandoning the cruelty which made them the most feared men in jail, they've been developing wrestling skills and knowledge.

Their repertoire of holds and maneuvers, learned over only a short period of time, is remarkable for its variety and skill. When one considers how short a time the two men have been wrestling professionally, their



Ex-Con II climbs on the top rope in an attempt to get some leverage for a murderous knee drop. However, he is thwarted by his adversary this time.

proficiency is terrifying. And there's every reason to assume the pair will be getting much better!

Though the men release only what information about the past they wish to have known, the absence of speculation about their identities in the wrestling world is shocking. It's as if people are too afraid to even wonder who this team might be. No one will even volunteer to make an anonymous statement to the press about them. This is unprecedented in wrestling.

The situation doesn't surprise the Ex-Cons.

"People have learned whenever we wrestle," one states, "not to ask too many questions. It leads to nothing but trouble. If we want something known, we say it ourselves. If we don't want something known . . . it isn't known! That's the way we want it. That's the way it's going to be."

And there's no one willing to argue the point with the pair.

Born in prison, the tag team of the Ex-Cons plans to start reign of terror in the wrestling world. Are there men courageous and powerful enough to stop them?

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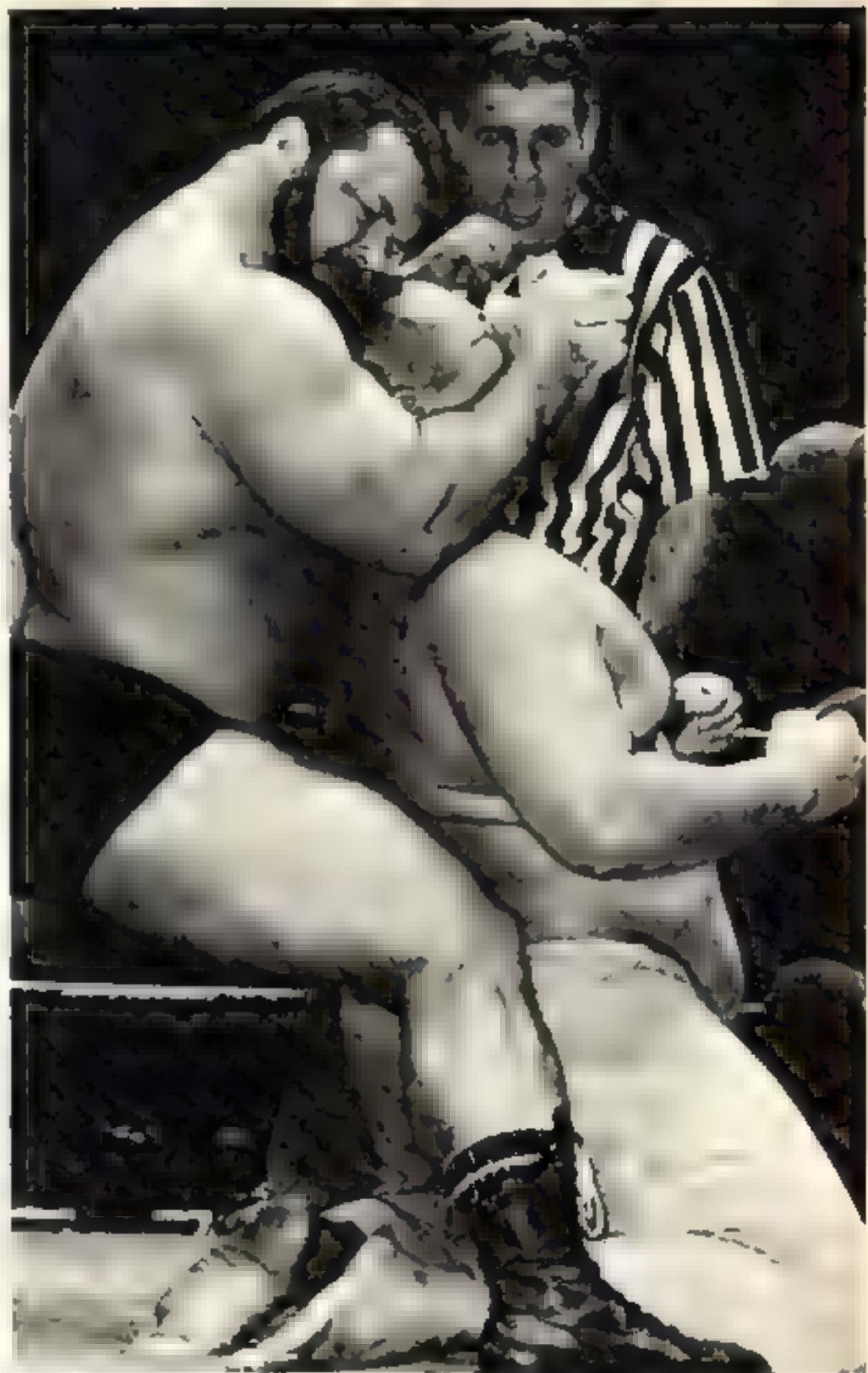
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BOUT WHICH ROCKED

(Continued from Page 33)



Ivan tries to crush Kamata's head between his huge forearms. The Japanese grappler was close to surrendering until he lashed his elbow hard into Ivan's belly. Putski was forced to release the grip and Kamata escaped.

As the evening approached, Ivan grew restless. A nervous knot in his stomach became a constant companion. Nights were ordeals of sleepless worry. His mind would race through strategies and imaginings of the future battle. Films he saw of Kamata returned to haunt his fitful

dozing. And the pleas of his friends echoed in his misery.

It was with relief Putski greeted the day of the match. Usually, a grappler will spend the afternoon napping before a big battle. Ivan didn't even attempt this. He sought out "Battleground" at a revival movie



Kamata leaps high in the air and has Putski trapped in the ropes. Kamata's force staggered Putski.

theater. He needed to see a lot of action and hear thunderous noise. The evening's coming events had to be driven from his brain for at least a couple of hours.

When Putski walked into the arena that night, his satchel of wrestling toys in hand, all the scientific wrestlers crowded around, wishing him luck. The air thickened with advice almost all of it useless. It wasn't what they said but the fervor with which the instruction was delivered. All of them wanted to be part of the evening's event. It meant so much to them. The pressure on Putski became even more intense.

As for Kamata, his compatriots were also giving him advice.

"You can't lose!" Stan Hansen warned. "Get disqualified, do anything, but don't lose. You know what happens if he wins. The rest of us get fewer title shots because those other clowns start getting a chance. If Putski wins, we'll know who to blame. And don't think we'll let you off easy if you lose. We'll get revenge."

Kamata stared at Hansen, then at the others sharing his dressing room. The room was silent. Then, Kamata spit on the floor and stormed out. This is not a man to threaten.

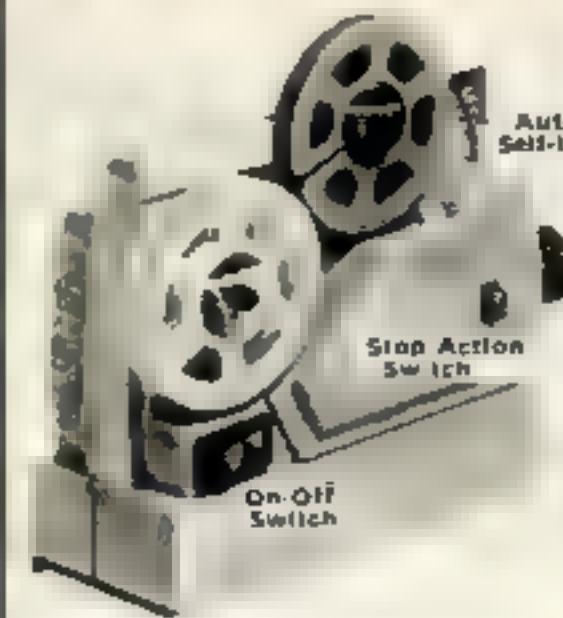
So the two men, each with the hopes and fears of his compatriots placed squarely on his shoulders, walked towards the field of battle. Tension was obvious. Both men's fists were clenched. When the bell sounded for combat to begin, neither man moved for a second. They were momentarily paralyzed with anxiety. But that moment passed.

Once the two men shook off their

(Continued on page 56)

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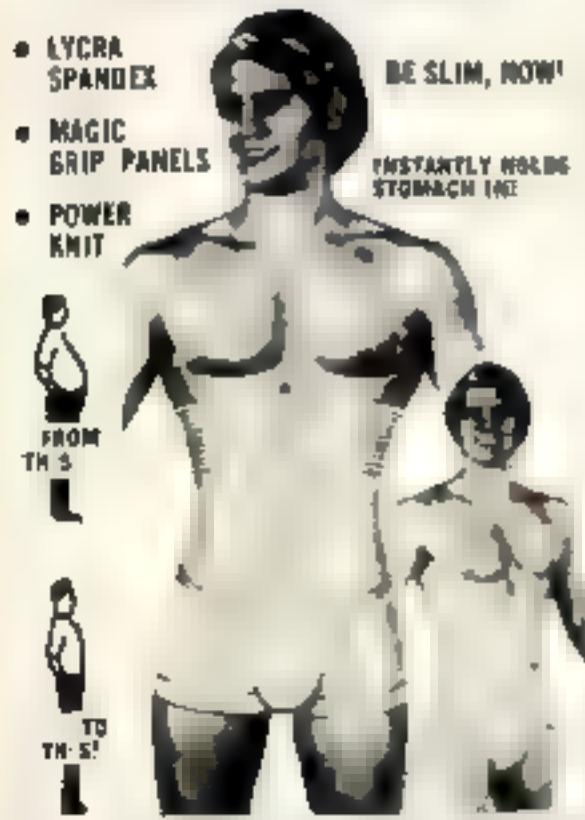
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BOUT WHICH ROCKED

(Continued from Page 54)



Kamata's forearm lashes into Putski's mid-section, knocking the wind out of Ivan. Only incredible courage kept Ivan from surrendering. Only great skill allowed him to survive in this weakened condition.

tension, fans were treated to an awesome battle. Power and cunning were the main weapons employed by both grapplers. Strength against strength, strategy against strategy, it was a classic confrontation. Neither man grew reckless or lost his poise. No one will ever see Ivan Putski or Tor Kamata any better.

It would be too much to expect Kamata to wrestle without cheating. Whenever in real trouble, the Japanese mat star used some tactics an honest wrestler wouldn't consider. However, for a good deal of the match, Kamata wrestled with dignity, albeit with undeniable cruelty. One would have thought the man would be more desperate to insure his victory. Perhaps, the threats of his colleagues determined him to wrestle differently than they hoped. It's a point of fact there were a lot of scared people when Kamata wrestled.

The battle raged for 45 minutes. Both men had come close to victory, only for their opponent to escape at the last instant. Right up to the final bell, each man brawled with all his strength. Then the time limit expired and the match was declared a draw.

A draw. Everyone knew what that meant. Neither man would get a shot at Sammartino's title. Kamata's compatriots were jubilant. No scientific grappler would get a WWWF championship bout. Rulebreakers would once again be the sole challengers to Sammartino's crown. None of them cared Kamata had lost his chance for glory.

It was different in Putski's locker room. Except for an occasional wrestler giving Ivan unheeded condolences, the room was silent. Every so often, someone would hurl something against the wall. Nobody would notice. Each man was lost in his own thoughts.

Ivan didn't bother to shower. He dressed quickly and ran from the arena. He couldn't stand to see the sorrow in his friends' eyes. No one had to tell him what had been lost in this match. It was more than a lost title match. Ivan Putski had lost the WWF revolution before the first battle.

Ivan Putsk got lost in the night. No one knows how he comforted himself. It's doubtful any comfort could be found. □

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 37)



The action spills over upon the couch as Tara grabs handfuls of long blonde hair and yanks with all her strength. The screams of anguish Courtney shrieked betrayed her agony.

conversations as to the woman's fragile mental condition. The man would torture himself with the thoughts of things he might have

The night of the match, Tara refused to talk with anyone. She kept herself in the bedroom, waiting for her moment to battle. Courtney forced her attentions on almost every man in the room, desperately trying to appear fascinated by conversations she couldn't understand. After a writer suffered a conversation with the blonde, he sought out Moll.

"She's crazy, you know," was all he said. Moll dismissed it as literary exaggeration. As for the writer, he couldn't wait to observe the disturbed beauty in combat. No one tried to stop the match before it was too late.

Finally, it was time for the bout to begin. No one expected much excitement since Tara would easily defeat her foe. So they filled their glasses with champagne, sat back in the leather couch luxury, and planned to resume their conversations momentarily.

Within 30 seconds, all bets were off. Tara's disdainful look of confidence disappeared under Courtney's savage assault. The voluptuous blonde recklessly brawled, mindlessly tearing at her lithe foe. The brunette went on the defensive, unable to understand what was happening. The blonde's body was a whirlwind spectacle awesome in its primitive splendor. The crowd watched in stunned amazement.

It didn't take Tara long to realize she was in trouble. The famed battler was hurled against the wall. Her head snapped back sharply, dazing the lovely blonde. The luxurious legs lost their fabled power as they began to wobble. Courtney's face appeared more and more savage. It not only terrified Tara but everyone else who saw it. The memory of the writer's perceptive observation of Courtney's madness came back to Moll with a rush of horror.

Tara was too busy devising defenses to worry about her opponent's mental state. The blonde found herself hurtling to

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Courtney is wild as she drags Tara across the carpet. The brunette's shoulders suffered tortuously ugly carpet burns.

the carpet as Courtney's powerful arms lifted her up and threw her down. The willowy body lay splayed upon the Oriental rug.

Courtney was on her foe instantly. The brunette's splendid body writhed beneath her foe's weight. Tara grunted from exertion as she tried to free herself. Finally, she heaved her hips high and dug talon nails into Courtney's flanks. Courtney jerked spasmodically and Tara rolled free.

The brunette's confidence had been replaced by rage. Yet, (Continued on page 60,

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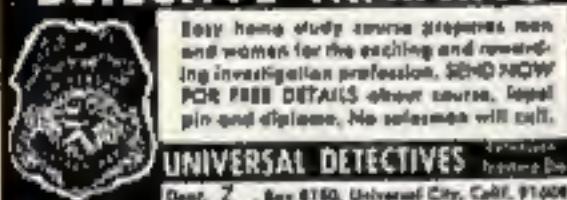
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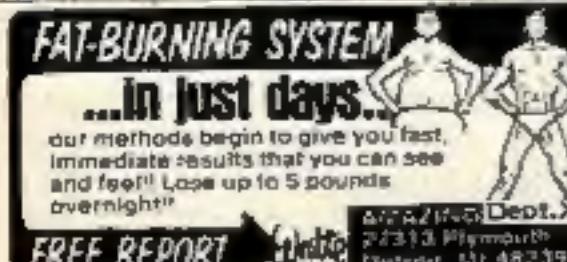
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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 59)



Courtney howls in anguish as Tara digs nails and teeth into her victim's alabaster thigh. The blonde's fist is already poised to smash at Tara's head to force the brunette to release talons and fangs.

recklessness was not the result. Tara used her rage as she used her strength and speed. With leopard grace, she dove at her foe, driving her head into Courtney's soft belly. The blonde, looking wilder than ever, reeled backwards a few steps and fell to the carpet.

What happened next is almost impossible to describe. Courtney, not really hurt, was countering almost before she hit the floor. As these two fabulous vixens clawed at

each other, people watched in fascination. Courtney brawled with some extraordinary sense, incomprehensible to understand. Tara matched her ferocity with cool violence borne of success. Both women were impossible to analyze. Each withstood great pain as they inflicted torture on the other with nails, teeth, and feet. No portion of either body escaped clawing fury.

At times, Tara held the
(Continued on page 62)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 60)



Above left: Courtney leaps on top of Tara, only to have the blonde sink her nails into the blonde's voluptuous breasts. Above right: The women tear and claw at each other late in the match. Below: Tara smiles with delight as she hears Courtney scream in pain.



advantage. At times, Courtney led the attack. In this crazed portion of the match, one must remembers the blonde's maniacal scream as Tara raked nails across her victim's fulsome breasts. It spoke of more than pain. One thought of the scream as an announcement of horror more terrible than anything possible inflicted by man. The agony loosed some demons Courtney may never again be able to control.

Courtney fled to a corner, her face reminding everyone of a trapped animal. Tara resembled a beast of

prey, even to the point of her glistening pearl-white teeth. Lunging toward her victim, Tara kicked high and smashed her foot into Courtney's face. Again, the scream of a trapped animal tore loose from Courtney's throat. The blonde started to scurry away from her tormentor.

Yet, even the most helpless animal will fight back when cornered. Though some of the spectators were at this time considering stopping the action, none dared go between the two beauties once the blonde began battling back. Again, two spectacular women were welded in combat.

Tara never lost her cunning. Courtney never regained rationality. The blonde was a wildwoman, wrenching and tearing and clawing and biting. It took all of the lithe blonde's strength and wiles to survive. But Tara didn't earn her reputation for greatness on loveliness alone. The battle raged to a standstill, neither woman having gained the momentum necessary to carry her to victory.

Then came the beginning of the end. Strangely enough, it was Courtney who appeared near victory. She threw Tara to the carpet. The blonde lay almost fatally stunned for an instant. Courtney leaped on her fallen foe's shoulders with her

(Continued on page 64)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 62)



Above: Tara pushes and Courtney is pulled backwards, the roots of her hair feeling as if they'll be ripped from her scalp. No doubt the pain Courtney suffered led to her nervous breakdown. Left: The women are a mass of twisting flesh as they claw at each other.

knees. Then, in a motion as fast as it was fluid, she fell across the blonde's lush body. Her hands moved with python swiftness as they clutched Tara's legs and pulled back. Tara was now doubled over as Courtney sat up, clutching those splendid legs like a prize. Tara couldn't muffle her moans of agony.

Eyes wild, jaw slack, Courtney kept the pressure on her helpless foe. It's doubtful the blonde knew where she was or what she was doing. Strange sounds emitted from her mouth as she kept stretching Tara's luxurious limbs. No one was quite sure what was happening, except that Tara seemed perilously close to defeat.

Then, jacknifing her body, Tara slipped free of the hold. Courtney just sat there, stunned by the escape.

Tara didn't give the blonde a chance to understand what had happened. She pounced on her startled foe, hurling her to the ground.

Courtney fell belly first to the carpet, her face smashed against the floor. Tara grabbed the blonde by the ankles and doubled her victim backwards. Courtney's body convulsively writhed but without method. She simply couldn't stop moving. This was not an attempt to escape, it was a mindless jerking. Tara didn't understand; all she knew or cared about was victory. For what seemed like hours, she tortured the beauty beneath her.

Finally, one of the spectators, a psychiatrist, tore Tara off the victim, screaming, "It's over! Let her up!"

But Courtney didn't arise, even



Courtney yanks at Tara's hair and neck only to have the frenetic Tara bite Courtney's hand.

after being relieved of Tara's weight. The blonde lay on the carpet, continuing to writhe, saliva dripping down her mouth. The psychiatrist lifted the woman to her feet. Then all hell broke loose.

Courtney rushed across the room, her voice a high pitched wail. She ran right into the wall. Frenzied beyond all sense, she bounced off the wall, stopped, then rushed at it again. Her nose was broken from the collision this time. Blood streamed down her face. Her nails dug into the wall, trying to scratch it down. Another psychiatrist tried to restrain her but she was too strong for him.

By now, she rushed around the room wild and senseless as a hurricane. Her wail almost split the spectator's eardrums, making many wish for deafness. She was beyond all control. Even Tara, her conqueror refused to go near her. In fact, the brunette victor fled to the bedroom and locked the door.

Finally, the police and an ambulance were summoned. Courtney still wailing in her stretcher prison, was taken out.

Moll called our offices the next day, asking us not to print this text and photo story. We told him the public had a right to know about this unfortunate scandal. However, we did promise not to print any of the photos of Courtney's breakdown after the match, a promise we have kept.

Perhaps this story should not have been printed. If not, the responsibility is ours. But our readers have a right to know and they shall be our final judges. As for Courtney, unhappily it will make no difference one way or the other. The tortures in prison, the following years of disappointment, have all gone to drive her mad. □

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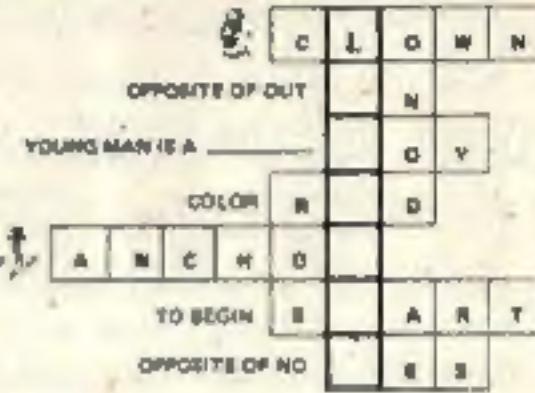
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